THE

TYRANNY OF LOVE;

OR

MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARCHIONESS D'AREMBERG.

VOL. II.

'Sincerity!
'Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
'Thy onward path.'

HOME.

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LETTER XXVII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THE conflicts of my mind, in conſequence of the events related in my laſt, may be better imagined than deſcribed. Repeatedly I ſummoned all the fortitude with which nature has endowed me, petitioned the ſupreme to aſſiſt my ſelf-applauded heroiſm, but again relapſed into my former weakneſs: the image of Lionel D'Albany ſtill lived in my heart; and vain were all my efforts to expel him thence. But time would, I flattered myſelf, aid my ſincere endeavours, and teach me reſignation to my fate.

The abſence of my deſtined huſband I eſteemed a bleſſing at that

juncture; and I felt a momentary conſolation in the aſſurance that I had not his attention to dread at a time when I was ſo ill prepared to receive them. The entrance of Clara interrupted my reflections: I related to her all that had paſſed: again I acted the hypocrite, and aſſumed a cheerfulneſs foreign to y heart. A ſtranger to diſguiſe, the dear girl believed that the joy ſhe experienced in my purpoſed union with her brother was trivial to mine: a thouſand times ſhe preſſed me to her affectionate boſom, called me the friend, the ſiſter of her heart, and wiſhed me every happineſs. Her kind effuſions melted me again to tears; for the firſt time I felt myſelf unworthy of them: the ſharp ſtings of conſcious error entered my ſoul; the meanneſs of diſſimulation filled me with confuſion, till then unknown; and I wept and bluſhed in her gentle boſom: but ſophiſtry conquered truth: and I believed that I was

obeying the dictates of duty, when I was only following the deluſions of pride.

Miſs Meredith met us in the drawing-room: Sir Robert had juſt informed her of the purpoſed alliance with me, and it had not left the moſt favourable impreſſion upon her features: Unuſual *hauteur* ſat on her brow; a crimſon glow overſpread her countenance whenever her eyes met mine: ſhe bit her lips and walked about the room diſordered;—took up a book then threw it by, without looking into it; uttering broken exclamations of 'Degrad-'ing infatuation!' 'Mere madneſs!' &c.—'Has any thing diſturbed you, 'ſiſter,' ſaid Clara mildly. She made no reply; but, throwing herſelf into a chair, ſhe took up the book that ſhe had juſt thrown aſide, and began to peruſe it very attentively: it was Thomſon's Seaſons; and ſhe turned to the pathetic tale of Palemon and Lavinia:

her frame of mind was not equal to ſuch an appeal: ſhe felt; but it was a very different effect from conviction that it produced upon her heart: Enraged, ſhe again flung the book down, ſaying, while her eyes fiercely glanced toward me, 'Theſe writers ought to 'be puniſhed with death: they are 'the peſts of ſociety; and, by gilding 'over abſurdity with the name of 'virtue, deſtroy the happineſs of mil-'lions.' I was ſilent, though I perfectly comprehended her meaning. 'They encourage young men,' ſhe continued, 'to wed beggars, and diſ-'grace their families by unworthy con-'nexions, under the ſpecious names of 'generoſity, gratitude, love, and ſuch 'romantic ſtuff.'—'Permit me,' ſaid Clara, with a degree of ſpirit which ſhe ſeldom aſſumed, particularly when converſing with her ſiſter, 'to aſk you, 'my dear, if your cooler judgment 'will not allow that appellation rather 'ſevere?

'ſevere? Surely the judgment as well
'as feelings of my dear ſiſter, muſt
'confeſs that generoſity and gratitude
'are no romantic illuſions, whatever
'love may be.'—'Love!' exclaimed
Miſs Meredith, 'Love! a girl of your
'age reaſon about love! 'tis ſhameful!
'But ſuch are the effects of improper
'connexions. Love, indeed! A baby
'preſume to ſet up her opinions in op-
'poſition to thoſe whom years and
'knowledge of the world exalt above
'her! But I ſuppoſe we ſhall have you
'wed ſome wretched foundling by
'and by, ſome beggar's brat, the off-
'ſpring of diſobedience and miſerable
'penury!' I felt the blow at my heart:
I ſtarted involuntarily from my ſeat,
and claſped my hands in an agony.—
'Yes,' ſhe added, not deigning to ob-
ſerve me, 'I preſume, with all your
'boaſted endowments, we ſhall ſee you
'diſhonour yourſelf and family by a
'romantic attachment to ſome wander-

'ing vagrant; or at beſt, the pam-
'pered idol of ſome wretched maniac!'
I burſt into tears, and ſhe quitted the
room. 'Why is my lovely friend ſo
'much affected?' ſaid Clara, tenderly
addreſſing me: 'My ſiſter is unfor-
'tunately often thus: ſomething has
'ruffled her temper; her hair-dreſſer,
'or perhaps her maid; nothing more,
'believe me.' 'Ah my kind, my ami-
'able, delicate Clara!' I replied, 'I am
'not to be ſo deceived; I know the offen-
'der;—the beggar's brat, the offspring
'of diſobedience.' I could no more.
Clara mingled her tears with mine,
ſoothed me with moſt prevailing gen-
tleneſs, pleaded the cauſe of her bro-
ther, and palliated the foibles of her
ſiſter with ſo much perſuaſive elo-
quence, that I muſt have been as un-
gracious as Miſs Meredith if I had not
admitted the apologies of this lovely
girl. I promiſed her I would forget
the

the wound my ſenſibility had received: I did ſo; and we met with our uſual cordiality at dinner. Intereſt taught Miſs Meredith ſometimes to veil the movements of her heart: ſhe knew my influence with her uncle; ſhe reflected with remorſe on what had ſo lately paſſed her lips; and, convinced that on every account it was a point of wiſdom not to ſhew her averſion toward me, ſhe concealed the emotions of her heart, under the maſque of uncommon good humour, and marked attention.

Lord Wharton's ſervant arrived juſt as we aroſe from dinner with a moſt empaſſioned letter for his fair enſlaver, which effectually chaſed the clouds of anger from her mind. His Lordſhip declared, that, impoſſible to exiſt longer without her, he propoſed, with her brother, to return to town in a few days, and preſſed moſt ardently for the accompliſhment of his tender wiſhes. Miſs Meredith's cheek was fluſhed

with triumph as ſhe peruſed this pathetic addreſs :—ſhe ſmiled, bluſhed, ſtill deeper, again ſmiled, and with all the ſimpering baſhfulneſs of fifteen, wondered at his Lordſhip's impatience. I agreed with her entirely in that obſervation, though I was not ſo liberal of my ſentiments as ſhe had lately been. She eyed me aſkance as we ſat on the ſofa together, and, not obſerving any marks of envy in my countenance, I ſuppoſe ſhe reſolved if poſſible to excite it; and with an air of extreme good humour, ſhe aſked me to take a turn in the garden with her: I acquieſced; and Clara durſt not intrude. His Lordſhip became the ſubject of our converſation. I was honoured with a ſight of the tender epiſtle with which ſhe was ſo much enraptured; and I defy any retailer of ſcandal to produce a more finiſhed ſpecimen of modern gallantry and erudition. There was love, wit, and an affectation of

learning

learning jumbled together without order or diſtinction. Groſs flattery ſupplied the place of ſentiment; ribaldry and ſlander of wit; and unabaſhed impudence of every other quality. I could not ſuppreſs a ſmile (rather of pity than contempt), as I returned it; but it was happily conſtrued into a very different ſenſe. We went in the evening to the play. The lovely Farren graced the comic ſcene in the character of Beatrice. To ſay I was pleaſed is too mean a tribute to that accompliſhed daughter of Thalia. I think thoſe who can behold that captivating actreſs without being faſcinated, muſt be devoid of taſte or feeling. But that ſyren Billington proved a powerful rival to the comic muſe. I could have ſat

'From morn to noon,
'From noon to dewy eve, a ſummer's day,'

to hear her warble; and in the entertainment at Covent-Garden, I almoſt

forgot the play, delightful as it was, at Drury-lane. Lord Liſmoor joined our party at the former place, accompanied us to the latter, and attended us home; but, to my infinite ſatisfaction, I was honoured with a very ſmall portion of his Lordſhip's attention; it ſeemed transferred to Clara: but when our eyes met, his were ſtrongly expreſſive of wounded pride and deep reſentment.

Ere I had quitted my pillow the next morning Clara came to inform me of the arrival of her brother and Lord Wharton: I aroſe with a heavy heart, and accompanied her down ſtairs to receive them. My heart palpitated as Clara opened the parlour door: the deſtined partner of my future days ſprang forward to receive me, while triumphant love ſparkled in his eyes. I thought I ſhould have ſunk to the floor, ſo extreme was the agitation of my mind; but he ſuſtained me tenderly

in

in his arms, and, leading me to a ſofa, ſeated himſelf beſide me: Conſtraint and ſadneſs weighed down my ſpirits; and when I retired to my own chamber, I felt like a liberated captive. An early day in the following week was fixed on for the nuptials of Lord Wharton and Miſs Meredith; and the ſame day made me the wife of her brother. The intervening hours were devoted to love; but, amid all the ardent proteſtations of eternal tenderneſs, Mr Meredith never failed to inſinuate that love had made him ſtoop beneath himſelf in ſelecting me: and he neglected no opportunity of making me ſenſible of the honour he had done me. Our nuptials were celebrated as privately as poſſible; and, accompanied by my delighted benefactor, Sir Robert, and Clara, we immediately ſet off for the family manſion of Lord Wharton, an immenſe but ruinous pile of building, romantically ſituated in one of the moſt

delightful vales that England boaſts. There I amuſed the painful reflections that oft crowded for admittance; and gratified the feelings of my ſoul by ſolitary and delightful rambles, and ſentimental converſations with my friend and ſiſter, the lovely Clara: there too, from the pleaſure I had procured my generous benefactor, I became more than ever ſenſible of the exalted delights that reſult from communicating happineſs to others; and ſometimes amuſed the paſſing hours in writing long letters to my beloved brother, and my equally dear Matilda D'Albany. There I likewiſe became acquainted with ſeveral noble families who reſided in the neighbourhood, and who had not yet deſerted their rural haunts. Among theſe, I muſt diſtinguiſh the family of his Grace of * * * * *, whoſe Lady, young and beautiful, bleſſed by nature, and adorned by every captivating charm, is the pride and boaſt

of

of the Britiſh court; a bleſſing to all with whom ſhe is connected; a friend of human kind. In her heart each generous virtue triumphs: 'open as 'day to melting charity,' the prayers of millions follow her ſteps; her preſence is the inſpirer of pleaſure, and ſhe diſtributes happineſs wherever ſhe appears. The elegant propriety and enchanting ſweetneſs of her manners commanded my moſt lively admiration: the virtues of her heart won my eſteem and affection. In her I traced each excellence that can exalt humanity, combined with all that is calculated to charm and faſcinate the heart; and was taught to believe, that the virtues are not confined to the haunts of ſolitude, but ſhine with added luſtre in a dignified ſtation, and dwell as oft amid the ſplendours of a court, as in the gloom of a hermitage. By her bright example I became enamoured of that active virtue which is proof againſt

againſt every allurement: the ſyſtem I had adopted in favour of retirement ſunk before it, and loſt all its value in my eſtimation.

The mother and ſiſter of this amiable lady were then on a viſit to her: the latter was as beautiful, according to the cold rubs of common criticiſm, as the Ducheſs, but leſs ſtriking and attractive: The ſame obſervation may likewiſe be extended to her mind and manners: there was not ſo much to admire and love; and although my heart paid her the tribute of approbation, it felt none of thoſe lively emotions excited by her more charming, tho' not more regularly handſome ſiſter. But the portrait of their mother is a taſk to which I feel myſelf unequal, although I cannot avoid attempting it, as it is diſtinguiſhed by traits that are ſo rare and valuable. Lady S——'s perſon has undoubtedly been not leſs beauteous or attractive than her eldeſt daughter's:

daughter's: it might, when I knew her, claim the palm of beauty above many more juvenile, to whom it is aſſigned: But the beauties of her mind are ſtill more attractive, and ſtand unrivalled by any that I ever contemplated: her heart is fraught with every amiable and generous quality: often have I conſidered it as a ſacred fountain from whence her children had drawn all their excellence. Her accompliſhments ſoar far above the common boundaries of feminine ambition; her taſte is exquiſite; her application has been intenſe; and her acquirements are conſequently in proportion. Her reading is extenſive; ſhe is intimately acquainted with ancient as well as modern hiſtory: muſic, painting, and drawing, ſhe particularly excelled in: ſtrongly attached to domeſtic life, they form her principal amuſements. She is miſtreſs of every language, living and dead, although at the age of twenty-

four

four years ſhe knew only her own;—a ſtrong proof that almoſt any thing is to be accompliſhed by diligence and perſeverance. The character of the Duke is not leſs worthy of encomium than that of his lovely conſort: in public, as well as private life, his virtues ſhine conſpicuous: he is a wiſe and zealous patriot, a tender and faithful huſband, an affectionate father, a firm and ardent friend, a kind and indulgent maſter, a generous patron, a juſt man, and, in every point of view, an exalted and amiable character. Happy in ſuch owners, need I add their abode was the ſeat of unimbittered felicity. Hoſpitality and ſocial bliſs crowned their board, innocent feſtivity bleſſed their lives, and the laughing hours glided ſwiftly by. Often had I heard of the rural beauties of C——, and the happineſs and goodneſs of its poſſeſſors; but the voice of Fame had conveyed but a faint image of their worth, which far

far ſurpaſſes any idea I could have formed, and derides the powers of delineation which nature has aſſigned me. In their ſociety I ſpent ſome of my happieſt hours while at Wharton-houſe. Clara and myſelf were particularly careſſed at C——, and honoured by the friendſhip of its fair miſtreſs: it is ſcarcely poſſible to imagine a higher ſatisfaction than we experienced in her ſociety: but this pleaſure was of ſhort duration; we had been but a fortnight at Wharton-houſe when public buſineſs ſummoned his Grace to town, and we were, in conſequence of it, deprived of the converſe of this eſtimable family, whoſe charming ſeat may with propriety be termed one of the wonders of Britain, as it is the admiration and aſtoniſhment of every ſpectator. This magnificent pile of building is ſituated on the eaſt ſide of the river Derwent, which in calm weather glides gently by, but is very rapid when ſudden

rains

rains or melted ſnows are poured into its channel from the adjacent mountains. From the river, which has a handſome ſtone bridge over it, you approach the weſt front of the houſe by a venerable avenue of trees. The iron gates and balluſtrades before the court are noble pieces of workmanſhip, and are terminated at the corners next the road by two large ſtone pedeſtals, curiouſly adorned with trophies of war in baſſo-relievo. The building is a ſquare, with a piazza of Doric columns, each of a ſingle ſtone, running round the inſide. The bath-room is all of marble, very richly wrought; and the ceilings and walls of the apartments are elegantly adorned with fine paintings by Vario and other eminent maſters. Scarce any thing can equal the beauty of the chapel; the altar, end, and floor, being all marble, the ſeats of cedar, and the walls painted in the moſt exquiſite ſtyle, and by the beſt hands.

As

As to the gardens, they are full of canals, baſons, and water-works of various forms and devices, among which is an artificial willow-tree of copper, with water dropping from the leaves. But the principal curioſity of this kind is a caſcade, which iſſuing from a neat ſtone building, falls down a hill a quarter of a mile in length, over ſteps like a pair of ſtairs, making ſuch a noiſe and broken appearance as may be much eaſier conceived than deſcribed, till at length it ſinks under ground, and entirely diſappears. The green-houſes, ſummer-houſes, orangeries, &c. are extremely beautiful; and the walks are elegantly embelliſhed with ſtatues, urns, and other ornaments, executed in the moſt maſterly ſtyle. It was an elegant compliment which Marſhall Tallard paid to an anceſtor of the preſent noble poſſeſſor of C——, who had entertained him for a few days at this delightful manſion. 'When I return,' ſaid he,

'into,

'into my own country, and recount 'the days of my captivity, I ſhall omit 'thoſe ſpent ſo happily at C——.'

After the departure of our noble friends, Wharton-houſe again relapſed into its native dulneſs: but juſtice bids me add, that I experienced from its inhabitants every attention that empaſſioned fondneſs or generous friendſhip could impart. The ardent love of Mr. Meredith ſeemed every day to gain new ſtrength; and I thought it an abundant recompenſe for the ſacrifice I had made. The happineſs of my benefactor increaſed in proportion: the affection of Clara was not to be exceeded: Lord Wharton appeared friendly and attentive: Her Ladyſhip ſeemed to have loſt the native aſperity of her nature, and was particularly gracious to me; while Sir Robert was ſtill the ſame cheerful placid being that nature deſigned him. Thus ſeveral weeks elapſed, when time began to hang heavy

heavy on our hands, my benefactor propoſed an excurſion to Meredith-Place ere we returned to conclude the winter in London, and the reſt of our party cheerfully acquieſced in his propoſal. But I reſerve our viſit to that peaceful ſpot, (witneſs of my youthful happineſs; witneſs alſo of many a painful ſtruggle, many a ſevere pang), for the ſubject of my next. Adieu, Sir: accept the ſincere and grateful eſteem, and unalterable friendſhip of Edward and

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THE proſpect of a viſit to Meredith-Place filled me with rapture; but, alas! it came attended by many ſad alloys. Edward received us with tranſport. Matilda D'Albany wept paſſionately in my boſom, inquired if I was indeed married, raiſed her beautiful eyes to Mr. Meredith, and again ſobbed aloud: 'Then we muſt loſe 'you, my dear, my ever dear, Miſs 'Sidney! Ah, what ſhall we do with-'out your company? How ſhall we 'ſupport the loſs? My poor brother 'too,' ſhe added, 'my poor dear Lio-'nel!'—I ſtarted;—'Poor fellow! poor 'ſweet good fellow!' ſhe repeated.—

Edward

Edward looked at her, with a meaning written in his eyes that I could not comprehend: ſhe ſighed, wiped her eyes, and hung her head in ſilence. 'Matilda!' ſaid my benefactor, 'what, 'quite forgotten by you Matilda?'—She ſtarted from her reverie, exclaiming, 'No! no indeed, dear Sir! But 'you muſt forgive me, I think ſo much 'of our dear Lionel.'—Edward looked at her again—'But I can never, never 'forget to love and reſpect you;' ſhe added, 'no, never; I never will. But 'I was afraid I ſhould never ſee you 'or Miſs Sidney, (Mrs. Meredith I 'mean) again.—'Why ſo, my love?' ſaid my benefactor,—'Becauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought I ſhould have died.' 'Have you been ill?' ſaid Mr. Meredith: 'Has my ſweet little girl been 'ill, Mrs. Jones?—'Yes, indeed, Sir, 'Miſs has been pordigious ill indeed, 'Sir,' replied the good old houſekeeper: 'and I ſhould have ſent to informed your

'your honour about it, but only Miſs 'begged and conſiſted ſo movingly, 'that I would not alarm your honour 'and Miſs Sidney, ſaying as how it 'could do no manner of good, but 'would make you unhappy, and ſhe 'ſhould ſoon get well without it: that 'I defrained from troubling your Ho-'nour, and Miſs is a deal better, thank 'God: but to be ſure, 'twas no ſort of 'a wonderment that ſhe ſhould fall 'ſick, for it was a pitiful ſtory altoge-'ther, and very terrible. Lord! Lord! 'twou'd make your hair ſtand on end.' —'Another time then, if you pleaſe, 'Mrs. Jones,' ſaid my benefactor, half ſmiling; 'we will reſerve that concluſion 'of your ſtory to ſome future period.' The good woman dropped her beſt curtſy, congratulated Mr. Meredith and myſelf on our marriage in her honeſt ſimple manner, and fervently prayed that we might be perfectly happy— Happy! my foreboding heart ſeemed

to

to repeat—Happy! ah, Mrs. Jones, you have ſeen me happy; but perhaps you will ſee me ſo no more!—I checked myſelf; and Edward and Matilda welcomed us all to Meredith-Place. But what had fallen from Matilda and the artleſs Mrs. Jones dwelt upon my mind, and I wiſhed extremely for an opportunity of ſpeaking to that good woman unobſerved. An opportunity ſoon offered, and I did not fail to avail myſelf of it: I inquired what it was ſhe had alluded to that had occaſioned Matilda's illneſs.—'Ah, lack-'a-day, Miſs!' ſhe replied, 'Maſter 'Edward begged as how I would never 'breathe it to you; becauſe he ſaid as 'ſure as fate it would give you a ſhock 'of an earthquake; and ſo Miſs, (Ma-'dam) I mean—Lord, Lord! what a 'head have I?)—And ſo, Miſs, as I was 'a ſaying, as that would be quite as 'ſhocking as the ſtory itſelf, I think I 'had better not tell you.'—'But I muſt 'entreat that you will, Mrs. Jones,' ſaid I; 'you

I; 'you have excited my curioſity, 'and I am extremely intereſted about 'this ſecret: you need not be appre- 'henſive of any diſagreeable conſe- 'quences, I aſſure you.'—'Well then, 'Miſs,' ſhe returned, 'ſince your cu- 'rioſity is ſo incited, and you do con- 'treat me ſo hard, I will wenter to tell 'you, becauſe certainly you ought to 'know, ſo I'll e'en wenter to tell 'at once, without ſtanding ſhilly- 'ſhally, as the ſaying is; and as you 'ſaid juſt now, I'm ſure I need not be 'comprehenſive of any conſequences, 'becauſe I know, Miſs, (Madam, that 'is) you won't believe a ſingle word 'of what I ſhall tell, though to be ſure, 'tis all as true as the goſpel.—Thus 'it is then, Miſs,'—looking fearfully around her; 'here let us ſit down in this 'corner.' I obeyed. 'Lord, Lord! 'I'm all of a tremble like any aſpen-leaf. 'But to go on—Hark! ſure ſomebody 'opened the door! Didn't you hear 'a noiſe, Miſs?'—'No, indeed, dear

Mrs.

'Mrs. Jones, pray proceed,' ſaid I;
'why you are grown ſuperſtitious!'
'Cooper-ſtiches!' ſhe exclaimed. 'Ah,
'if I know any thing, 'tis enough to
'make a body cooper-ſtiches! that it
'is! Why, I'm a moſt afraid to tell
'you now.—-Howſumdever!—-What
'd'ye think, Miſs?' in a low whiſper,
'Maſter Lionel has been here!'--'Here!
'I echo'd—Here! Good Mrs. Jones!
'how! when?'—'His ſprite, Miſs!
'His veritable ſprite, as I'm a Chriſ-
'tian! Robin, the thraſher, ſaw him
'twice, hovering about the garden-
'wall; Jenny, the dairy-maid, ſaw him
'again; and, worſt of all, I ſaw him
'myſelf, with my own living eyes: and
'as ſoon as I ſcreamed out he vaniſh-
'ed. He was muffled up in an out-
'landiſh dreſs, but I'd know his ſweet
'face among a million; he wasn't
'cunning enough to deceive me; I
'knew 'twas his ſprite in a moment.
'Ah, lack-a-day! I was terribly in

'hopes you wou'd have made a match;
'you ſeemed ſo cut out for each other;
'but there's no ſaying how things will
'happen. I uſed to think you was for
'all the world like ſweethearts, ſo lov-
'ing, and ſo kind like, and ſo mighty
'fond of one another's company;
'wasn't you, Miſs?' My very ſoul was pierced with the images which ſhe recalled to my remembrance. Little as I regarded her ſtory of the ghoſt I could not withſtand her ſimplicity. 'As to any appearance of the kind 'you mention, Mrs. Jones,' ſaid I, as ſoon as I had ſufficiently recovered myſelf, 'believe me, it is all chimera; 'mere fancy, I aſſure you.'—'As to a 'chimley, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, very gravely, 'I don't ſee what buſineſs a chimley 'can have with a ghoſt: he didn't 'come out of a chimley, I'm ſure; for 'a was white, and not black; but as 'to a fancy, I'll maintain 'twas no fancy 'to my dying day. Lord, Miſs, what

'buſineſs

'buſineſs had I to fancy about Mr. 'Lionel's ghoſt? He was none of my 'ſweetheart; I never thought of his 'ghoſt in all my born-days before I ſeed 'it. But an' you won't believe me hax 'Miſs Matilda, poor thing, ſhe knows 'well enough that 'tis no fancy, for ſhe 'ſaw him in the grove by moonlight 'one evening; he was ſitting at the 'foot of a tree; and, poor thing, we 'never thought ſhe would hold up her 'head again. That was all the cauſe 'of her terrible ſickneſs: pray now, 'Miſs, do hax her, if you diſbelieve 'me.'—'No,' ſaid I, 'Mrs. Jones, It 'ſhall never paſs my lips; and I wiſh 'my knowledge of what you have re-'lated to reſt with yourſelf. I am 'convinced it is all imaginary, but I 'do not expect to make you think the 'ſame.'—'No,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would de-'ceive you, Miſs, I ſhall never believe 'twas any thing but a ghoſt.'—'Well,' ſaid I, availing myſelf of her weak-

neſs, 'but I'm told that it is very un-
'lucky to talk about a ghoſt that you
'have ſeen, it makes them haunt you
'ever after.'—'Sure!' ſhe exclaimed,
turning pale, 'you're very good to
'tell me that, Miſs, and I ſhall watch
'my words.' Satisfied with this aſſur-
ance I bade Mrs. Jones adieu; but
with a heart very ill at eaſe. My rea-
ſon rejected the reality of what ſhe had
informed me; but it had introduced a
variety of painful recollections to my
mind, and I could not eaſily regain
my former cheerfulneſs. My ſteps
turned involuntarily into a romantic
wilderneſs, adjoining the houſe; and,
throwing myſelf on a graſſy ſeat where
I had paſſed many a bliſsful hour with
the amiable Lionel, I burſt into tears.
Ten thouſand times I reproached my
folly, my madneſs! but the heart is not
always to be governed. Mrs. Jones's
ſtrange relation dwelt ſtrongly on
my mind. 'An apparation!' ſaid I,

'Death!

'Death! is not that the natural infe-
'rence? Gracious powers! dead! Gone
'for ever! Lionel D'Albany dead!'
Again I wept, ſtarted from my ſeat,
and traverſed in a ſtate little ſhort of
diſtraction in each ſhady ally of the
romantic ſpot where I was. 'And
ſurely,' ſaid I, 'rigid duty, thy laws
'cannot refuſe a tear to the memory
'of an amiable, a dear, very dear,
'and very deſerving friend.' I pauſed.
Reaſon ſtepped in to my aid; I reflect-
ed, and was convinced of my folly.
'I am a child!' I cried, 'an idiot!
'the ſlave of a ſuperſtitious tale related
'by a weak, ignorant old woman!
'Hence, ſhadows! hence! I bluſh at
'the recollection of my weakneſs. I
'beſought heaven to grant me a lon-
'ger portion of fortitude; my tears
'ceaſed, and contemplation, mild,
'penſive contemplation, took entire poſ-
'ſeſſion of my mind. The pale luſtre
'of a riſing moon gave additional

'charm to the ſcene; I wandered into
'a deep grove, with which the wilder-
'neſs was united, a ſtream of water
'murmured gently by; I ſeated myſelf
'on its bank, immerſed in thought,
'and unconſcious where I was, until a
'ruſtling among the leaves recalled
'my attention. I looked round half
'afraid, but not knowing why, and
'beheld Zelidor, the charming ſylph,
'exactly habited as I had ſeen him at
'the maſquerade! I ſat, rooted to the
'ſpot; he did not appear to obſerve
'me; he was weeping over ſomething
'that he held in his hand; and ap-
'proaching nearer to me I beheld the
'features, the very features of Lionel
'D'Albany! I ſhrieked, I ran, I flew
'toward him! In the firſt moments of
'my ſurpriſe I would have claſped him
'in my arms, but he eluded me; and
'fixing his eager eyes on mine—I re-
'member no more until I found my-
'ſelf in my chamber ſuſtained in the

'arms

'arms of my huſband. Again was I 'obliged to have reſource to hypocriſy; 'and, aſcribing the ſtate in which Mr. 'Meredith had found me in the grove 'to a ſudden illneſs, I reſolved to con-'ceal from the world the weakneſs 'that called a bluſh upon my cheek; 'nor breathe a ſyllable about what any 'rational mind muſt pronounce an illu-'ſion. But the impreſſion that re-'mained prayed upon my health and 'ſpirits, and imbittered all my future 'days. The behaviour of Zelidor at the 'maſquerade! his remarkable words! 'every thing conſpired to rack me, 'and peace was a ſtranger to my 'breaſt.

'GEORGINA.'

LETTER XXIX.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

No longer able to ſupport the character I had aſſumed, my late apparent cheerfulneſs entirely vaniſhed, my mind brooded perpetually over the ſcene in the grove; Zelidor haunted my imagination, ever attended by a variety of tormenting apprehenſions; and a penſive ſadneſs, triumphed over my utmoſt exertions to appear happy. The change in my manners was too evident to eſcape obſervation; it was attributed to the dulneſs of Meredith-Place; and our return to London was haſtened in conſequence of it. This was a ſtep that rather increaſed than alleviated the malady of my mind; but duty taught me acquieſcence; and, accompanied by Edward and Matilda, we again quitted

quitted the delightful ſolitude, endeared by many a tender penetrating recollection to my heart.

The metropolis was one continued ſcene of novelty and charm to Edward and Matilda, who ſoon rivaled me in the regard of our lovely Clara. Again I enjoyed the ſociety of the charming Dutcheſs of *****, in whoſe converſe I had experienced ſuch real pleaſure when at Wharton-place: by her Lady Wharton and myſelf were preſented at court in conſequence of our marriage; and the grateful and lively emotions of my heart, when I knelt at the feet of the beſt of ſovereigns, ſurpaſſes my deſcriptive talent. Tears of affection ſtarted from my eyes as the mild voice of England's gracious queen ſtole upon my ſenſes: I looked around, and when I beheld the beauty and grace by which the the throne was ſurrounded, my ſoul returned thanks to heaven for having bleſſed the moſt excellent patterns of roy-

alty, with a progeny ſo worthy of their exalted rank and virtues. His Majeſty is ſurely bleſſed, with one of the moſt open and benign aſpects that the Supreme ever beſtowed upon a mortal; nor is that of his amiable conſort leſs ſtrikingly expreſſive of the ſolidity of her underſtanding, the ſweetneſs of her temper, and the unrivaled excellence of her heart.

Viſits, routs, balls, maſks, operas, and every ſpecies of amuſement, now divided our time. At a maſquerade given by Lord Wharton again I beheld the Apollo who had been ſo troubleſome to me, on a former occaſion of that nature. His aſſiduity was now redoubled, Mr. Meredith was offended by it, and forbade him to follow us: Apollo turned ſcornfully from him, and again addreſſed me. I added my entreaties to the commands of Mr. Meredith, but was only anſwered by a gentle preſſure of the hand. I turned

haſtily

haſtily from him, he ſtill perſiſted to follow us, playing a variety of ſoft melodious airs with ſuch extraordinary ſkill as could not fail to inſpire attention and command admiration, where their aim was not calculated to excite diſpleaſure; but I felt myſelf offended by his perſeverance, and was apprehenſive ſome unpleaſant circumſtance would attend it, from the warm reſentment of Mr. Meredith. My fears were ſoon realized; Apollo perſiſted to teaſe me, and Mr. Meredith repeatedly warned him to avoid us; but attempting to ſeize my hand, in defiance of all the repulſes and reproofs he had met with, Mr. Meredith ſtruck his arm from mine; a ſcuffle enſued, and, mad with rage, they forced off each other's maſks, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I beheld Lord Liſmoor! 'Another time my Lord,'—ſaid Mr. Meredith. 'Yes, Sir,' his Lordſhip replied, with a look of infinite contempt,

'another

'another time I may teach you what 'reward mean baſeneſs and diſſimula-'tion merit;' and, ſnatching up his maſk, he left us. I was inexpreſſibly alarmed. The words—'another time,' ſo emphatically pronounced by both, filled me with terror. Mr. Meredith ſeemed buried in thought; he did not regard my emotions; and, but for the aſſiſtance of Clara and Edward, I muſt have ſunk into inſenſibility at his feet. Sir Robert offered me his arm, and propoſed our quitting the rooms; I gladly acquieſced, and he led me to my carriage. Sir Robert accompanied me home, and equally blamed Lord Liſmoor's rudeneſs and his ſon's impetuoſity. I told him, trembling, that I hoped there was nothing more to apprehend from their fracas. He replied, that he wiſhed there might not.—'But 'the raſhneſs of youth, and diſappointed 'views on one ſide, and the laws of ho-'nour on the other, my dear girl,' 'added Sir Robert; 'but we will try

'what

'what we can do, to effect a reconcili-
'ation, and prevent a duel.'—'A duel!'
I exclaimed. 'Dear Sir! ſurely Mr.
'Meredith will not riſque his own life
'and expoſe my honour to the mercy
'of a cenſorious world! He ſurely
'cannot entertain ſuch a thought!'—
'Perhaps not;' replied Sir Robert,—
'or if he does—don't make yourſelf
'wretched; theſe affairs are now re-
'duced to a mere matter of form.—
'There is very ſeldom any blood ſhed
'in a modern duel; 'tis only a faſhion-
'able way of meeting to ſhake hands,
'and be better friends than ever.'
This account afforded me but little con-
ſolation. I attributed it entirely to Sir
Robert's anxiety on my account, and
believed it only a kind expedient to
relieve my fears. I was then a novice
in the ways of the world, and had not
learned thoſe myſteries that prevail in
the circles of faſhion. With an aching
heart I watched the countenance of
Mr.

Mr. Meredith, it was gloomy, and expreſſive of many contending paſſions: the alteration in his manners likewiſe increaſed my anxiety; he was diſtant toward me, ſilent, ſullen, and evidently diſturbed beyond the power of concealment. He never addreſſed me to inquire if I had recovered my alarm; but his eyes, when mine chanced to meet them, were ſtrongly expreſſive of diſapprobation. Unconſcious of having merited his diſpleaſure, his conduct wounded me extremely; I paſſed the night in tears, and aroſe the next day without having taſted the bleſſing of ſleep. Mr. Meredith aſſumed an appearance of eaſe and vivacity, and affected to have entirely forgotten the events of the foregoing evening: but they ſtill hung very heavy around my heart. He obſerved my altered looks, and inquired if I was ill: it was too ſerious a truth to be denied. Unuſed to ſuch alarms it had

affected

affected me moſt powerfully: the day paſſed in conſtraint and miſery; ſad apprehenſions hovered round my heart, which were ſoon realized by the dreadful information that Mr. Meredith had fought a duel with Lord Liſmoor! Diſtraction ſeized me as an unguarded domeſtic gave me this account; and it was long ere I could be convinced that it was decided without either parties receiving the leaſt hurt. All the diſagreeable conſequences fell on me, I became the ſport of every buſy negociator of ſcandal; and what I had ever wiſhed to avoid, the ſubject of general converſation. Adieu.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THE duel produced very oppoſite effects on me and Mr. Meredith. I had ever thought that a female reputation always ſuffers by becoming the topic of general diſcuſſion: Lord Liſmoor was univerſally known to have diſtinguiſhed me from all others: his Lordſhip was too great a favourite, for ſuch a conqueſt to paſs unregarded; I was the object of much envy and malevolence in conſequence of it; and he had now afforded thoſe who thought themſelves affronted by his preference of me an opportunity of ample revenge. My fame was therefore the ſport

ſport of each licentious tongue, while the late fracas, by affecting an apparently perfect reconciliation between Mr. Meredith and his Lordſhip, reſtored him to his former familiar footing with his family, and proved a new ſource of ſlander. The friends were again inſeparable, again united in their uſual purſuits: I ceaſed to be a novelty; and Mr. Meredith's ſtrong attachment to every ſpecies of diſſipation and extravagant folly, particularly deep play, returned with increaſed ſtrength, by having been a while lulled into forgetfulneſs. His days and nights were devoted to riot and debauchery. I uſually ſpent the hours deſigned for reſt in tears and ſad reflections; Matilda would frequently ſit by my bedſide and endeavour to amuſe me with her lively innocent prattle: but if ſhe mentioned the name of her brother, my tears flowed afreſh; the ſcene in the grove recurred, and I oft queſtioned myſterious

myſterious fate what it could import. Mr. Meredith ſeldom quitted his deſtructive pleaſures, and ſtill more deſtructive aſſociates, until returning day ſhamed them from their ſeducing haunts: maddened by that ill ſucceſs which generally attended his addreſſes to the blind goddeſs, he then rambled to his hated home (for all places are hateful to a mind at variance with itſelf); and, retiring ſullen and wretched to his lonely chamber, paſſed that time beſtowed by Heaven for nobler purpoſes in execrating his folly and depravity: one minute forming vows of future rectitude, and the next adopting deluſive ſchemes of burying the painful remembrance of paſt errors in the practice of new ones equally dangerous.

My benefactor was ſincerely grieved by his nephews conduct, ſo different from what he had expected; often did he look at me with tears of ſoft compaſſion in his eyes, while I could ill

conceal

conceal my emotions, too fatally aſſured that my happineſs was the victim of gratitude.

The health and ſpirits of Mr. Meredith drooped beneath repeated irregularities; his temper naturally, haughty and impetuous, dropped the troubleſome diſguiſe it had aſſumed. I was frequently the unoffending object of his blind rage; and I looked forward to death as the only refuge from miſery. Lord Wharton was one of Mr. Meredith's darling aſſociates; his open violation of every moral duty had long marked him out an object for the finger of ſcorn to point at; but by flattering the pride, and ſoothing the ruling paſſions of Mr. Meredith, he rendered him blind even to his flagrant neglect of his ſiſter; who, with all her imperfections, had reſcued that unworthy man from impending ruin; and long continued in defiance of repeated inſults a tender and faithful wife.

Such

Such was the ſituation of our affairs when a ſudden illneſs deprived us of the worthy Sir Robert: grief of heart for the conduct of his ſon, and the fate of his darling daughter, certainly ſhortened his days; and his death was ſincerely regretted by all but thoſe by whom it was principally occaſioned: to them I believe it was productive of but one ſentiment, the pleaſure ariſing from a very conſiderable addition of fortune, and there by a more unbounded indulgence of their fatal propenſities.

The loſs of a brother he ſo tenderly loved, and a friend who ſo truly merited his confidence and eſteem, deeply affected my worthy benefactor. The ſcenes where he had ſo lately enjoyed the bleſſing of his ſociety ſerved only continually to renew his ſorrows; and, bidding us an affectionate adieu, he returned with Edward and Matilda to Meredith-place. The bulk of Sir Robert's vaſt fortune was bequeathed to

Mr.

Mr. Meredith, with a portion of a hundred thouſand pounds to Clara, and twenty thouſand to Lady Wharton, ſo ſecured as to defy his Lordſhip's power, who was only to enjoy the income of it during his life. He alſo left mementos of his affection to my benefactor, Edward, and Matilda; and a ſmall eſtate in Herefordſhire, as a proof of his ſincere regard for me. It was now ſubmitted to the choice of Clara either to fix her reſidence in Lord Wharton's family, or with us; ſhe gave the deciſion in favour of the latter, and offended her ſiſter by it, beyond all power of reconciliation. All the blame of what ſhe termed ſo raſh and imprudent a ſtep in Clara was aſcribed to me; even my character did not eſcape her malice; and ſhe openly diſavowed any farther intercourſe with me. This was an event that only affected me, as it greatly imbittered the happineſs of Clara, and proved an alloy to the ſatisfaction

tisfaction I had promiſed myſelf in her ſweet ſociety. The diſpoſition of Mr. Meredith likewiſe received additional acrimony from this circumſtance: his partial fondneſs for Lady Wharton, and his decreaſing affection for me, ſuggeſted to him that I was undoubtedly the offender. No opportunity was neglected of evincing this injurious opinion: and he ſcrupled not frequently to intimate that I had deſtroyed the peace of his family; and that he ſeverely repented his ſelection of one ſo unworthy. Judge of my ſenſations from a conſtant repetition of ſuch unmerited treatment, after the ſtricteſt examination of the leaſt failure of duty: but its effects ſunk deep on my mind; I felt myſelf declining daily, and the gentle converſe of Clara was my only conſolation.

Public amuſements now loſt all the little attractions they had ever poſſeſſed in my eyes: the pageantry of dreſs

and company was likewiſe irkſome; life itſelf became an almoſt inſupportable burden; and, but from my ſtrong affection and gratitude for my lovely ſiſter, and a ſenſe of juſtice and attention due toward her, I ſhould undoubtedly have ſunk into an irrecoverable dejection. But I remembered her youth, her beauty, merits, rank and fortune; and could not be ſo unjuſt as to ſeclude her from ſociety, or deny her a participation of thoſe enjoyments to which ſhe was entitled.

Mr. Meredith, though already blind to any little merit I might poſſeſs, was ſenſibly alive to the moſt trivial imperfection. My want of ſpirits was the frequent ſubject of his complaint; the ſadneſs which I could not conceal was attributed to ill-humour; and, in his fits of paſſion, he more than once informed me, in language diſgraceful to a gentleman, that my gloomy aſpect and ſullen manners were only calculated to

excite diſguſt; and that I was become the object of his confirmed averſion.—I concealed his frequent cruelties from all the world, even from the ſympathizing Clara; and confined the knowledge of them as much as poſſible to my own breaſt. But the voice of fame caught the diſgraceful truth: ſome buſy tongue whiſpered it to my lovely friend the Dutcheſs of * * * * *, and ſhe came, in the generous goodneſs of her heart, to offer a little wholeſome counſel. 'You are a ſad little runaway,' ſaid ſhe, gently patting my cheek; 'we ſeldom ſee you now, and when 'we do you are always ſilent and 'thoughtful; but for Miſs Meredith 'I believe we ſhould loſe you entirely.' I could not defend myſelf againſt her charge; I pleaded guilty, but added, as a ſmall palliation of my error, that I had never till lately been accuſtomed to gaiety, and was naturally rather averſe

averſe to it;—that Nature had given me a different taſte, a taſte for ſolitude and ſocial pleaſures—and if—'True,' interrupted this amiable lady, 'I know 'all this, my little ſentimental novice: 'but nature has given you judgment 'and diſcretion likewiſe, or I have 'been deceived; and that Being who 'rules all nature has given you a 'huſband.'—'Pardon me,' ſhe continued, 'I am going to be very impertinent, becauſe I love you, and thoſe 'qualities that I have diſcovered in you 'will certainly point out this obvious 'truth—that it is the duty of every 'woman to conſult her huſband's taſte 'in preference to her own.—If he has 'a few odd whims, why, my dear, we 'muſt indulge them: men are odd creatures; but it is only by humouring 'their oddities that we can preſerve 'their hearts: immaculate virtue, aided 'by the moſt angelic beauty, won't do 'without a little management. Have

'you not heard inſtances of creatures
'devoid of every charm, attaching
'men from wives, young, lovely, vir-
'tuous and accompliſhed? Truſt me,
'ſuch inſtances may be found in real
'life; and thoſe wives muſt deſcend a
'little from that falſe pride which is
'too apt to accompany our virtue; op-
'poſe her rival in her own way, and
'practiſe a little on the weak ſide of
'human nature, ere they can recover
'the ſtray affections of their huſbands.'
'Have I,' ſaid I, 'madam, neglected
'any means to ſecure and retain the
'affections of Mr. Meredith?'—'Not
'to the beſt of your knowledge, I
'grant,' returned this amiable lady.
'But come, I will teach you—Mr. Me-
'redith is a gay man; and, pardon me,
'a proud vain man: now to gratify his
'feelings you muſt be a gay woman, a
'toaſt, the object of general conver-
'ſation and general adoration. You

'have

'have been talked of a little, it is true,
'but not half enough for a woman
'of your charms. You muſt throw
'a certain air of allurement, around
'your beauties; modern epicures will
'not be ſaitsfied with plain wholeſome
'food; it muſt be dreſſed in the French
'ſtyle, to obtain a diſtinguiſhed rank
'among their liſt of delicacies. You
'muſt, therefore, do as I do, make
'uſe of your wit, your invention, and
'vivacity: let an air of whim, origi-
'nality and attraction, accompany all
'your words, looks, and actions; court
'general admiration; to fix the love
'of one do a thouſand ſtrange things,
'to make the multitude talk and won-
'der; and let no opportunity eſcape
'of rendering yourſelf conſpicuous.
'An election, for inſtance, or any ſimi-
'lar occaſion, is an admirable oppor-
'tunily to be talked of, and make a
'noiſe, in the public prints; and

'then your huſband, by ſeeing you of
'conſequence to the reſt of the world,
'will feel you ſo to himſelf.

'This only is the witchcraft I have
'uſed; and ſuch you may ſafely prac-
'tiſe without any danger of treſpaſſing
'againſt the moſt rigid laws of virtue:
'a name perhaps more honoured by
'my heart than by that of many a
'prude, who lifts up her eyes, and pi-
'ouſly exclaims againſt my levity. I
'own to you, my dear, I love admiration
'and deſpiſe prudery, but my ſoul
'would ſtart at the idea of immorality.
'No woman can be more ſtrongly at-
'tached to her duty, her huſband, her
'children, her connexions; or poſſeſs a
'juſter value for her honour, on which
'theirs ſo much depends.' —— She looked at her watch as ſhe concluded theſe words, and recollecting that ſhe had ſeveral viſits to pay, ſhe haſtily bade me adieu, ſaying ſhe ſhould expect to meet me at Lady D——'s rout in the

the evening; and left me to muſe upon what ſhe had ſaid. But I have exhauſted myſelf, and I fear your patience.

GEORGINA.

LETTER XXXI.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

I RESOLVED to act in conformity with the advice of my charming friend: my reaſon approved it. I began to think that the behaviour of Mr. Meredith toward me might have originated from the penſive ſadneſs that had lately enveloped my mind; and my heart began to acquit him of injuſtice.

tice. But on reflecting that I had been equally penſive, equally melancholy, ere he had ſought my hand; and ſince our union, long ere his fondneſs had ſuffered any diminution, I began again to doubt that the fault lay rather in his nature than mine. However, I reſolved to neglect nothing on my part to reſtore him to reaſon and humanity; and, as a proof of my obedience to the dictates of my kind friend and inſtructreſs, accompanied by Clara, I met her as ſhe had requeſted at Lady D——'s rout. Mr. Meredith had declined attending us, but he ſauntered in the courſe of the evening with Lord Liſmoor and another nobleman, whom I had never ſeen before. His Lordſhip inſtantly ſelected me as the object of his attention: Mr. Meredith did not ſeem to obſerve me, nor indeed any other perſon preſent but the charming Dutcheſs of * * * * *. His aſſiduities there were indeed too point-

ed

ed to eſcape the moſt common obſerver: his eyes were ſcarcely one moment off her face: he never, during the courſe of the evening, uttered a ſyllable that was not addreſſed to her; and when, with one of thoſe bewitching ſmiles that uſually adorned her features, ſhe fixed her lovely eyes on mine, they ſeemed to ſay 'Now you may 'learn the reaſon which induced me 'to counſel you to do as I have done, 'in order to regain the heart that I 'have undeſignedly ſtolen.' I ſaw indeed very evidently that ſhe had attached the ſoul of Mr. Meredith; but I felt the leſs uneaſineſs on the occaſion, from a conviction that it could not have choſen a more worthy miſtreſs; nor could I poſſibly have ſelected ſo amiable a rival. 'He never, ſaid I mentally, 'converſed with this love-'ly creature until his hand was joined 'with mine; perhaps then ſhe alone

'is calculated to fix his love; while 'I was but the object of a tranſitory 'guſt of paſſion.' Sad recollection! my heart added, have I then been every way ſacrificed? Have I merited ſo ſevere a fate? Ah! had I but been ingenuous; had I but avowed the truth, happineſs might have awaited me, and the fervent affections of my ardent ſoul have met an equal return. The Dutcheſs tapped me on the ſhoulder with her fan, and aſked me how I could be ſo cruel. I ſtarted, and repeated 'cruel, madam!' with ſome confuſion.—'Yes,' ſhe cried, there is 'his Lordſhip at your elbow, dying 'for one look: his eyes have begged 'the boon a thouſand times, but you 'cruelly deny even that trifle: Indeed 'you are quite barbarous.'—'I do 'aſſure,' ſhe added in a half whiſper to Meredith, who gazed enraptured as ſhe ſpoke, 'her heart is as obdurate as

'her

'her perſon is lovely.'—'I hope,' replied he, in the ſame low key, 'all are 'not ſo.'—'I greatly condemn her 'for being ſo;' ſhe returned, 'for really you don't merit it. And if I could 'inſpire my whole ſex with a part of 'my ſentiments, you ſhould experience 'the ſame cool indifference, wherever 'whim or madneſs may direct your 'wiſhes, as you now evince for a woman of whom you are ſo much unworthy.' There was more ſaid; but ſhe ſpoke ſo low that I could not learn its purport. Meredith turned pale, and then as red as crimſon. The Dutcheſs exchanged ſeats with a lady that was at another table, looking at me with ſweeteſt benignity and friendſhip, painted on her enchanting countenance; nor did her humbled ſlave attempt to follow her: but, after ſitting ſullen and ſilent for a conſiderable time, he quitted the party abruptly. Numerous, and

highly flattering, were the attentions I that evening received from ſeveral of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the kingdom, who graced Lady D---'s party; and among the reſt one of the firſt perſonages, who introduced a foreign Prince, was particularly aſſiduous. But my heart, never very ſuſceptible of vanity, was then quite inſenſible to its allurements; and I ſincerely rejoiced when we were permitted to retire. The nobleman who accompanied Lord Liſmoor, and who was of France, and in the ſuite of the Duc d'O——, was perfectly faſcinated with our beautiful Clara: he was young, handſome, accompliſhed, and bore a moſt amiable character. Clara beheld him with approving bluſhes, and her expreſſive eyes aſſured me that ſhe thought him more than commonly agreeable.

The Dutcheſs told me, when I bade her adieu, that I was a good girl, and had

had already profited by her inſtructions: 'Perſevere,' ſhe added, 'and be-
'tween us doubt not but we ſhall recall
'the wanderer.'—'Ah!' my heart replied, 'it is early days indeed to wan-
'der where ſo much was profeſſed. Ill
'am I prepared to encounter the wan-
'derings of a heart that I fondly ima-
'gined unchangeable; and to whoſe
'attachment I ſacrificed my own: but
'I ſubmit to my hard, hard fate, nor
'dare further to arraign the wiſdom of
'Providence.'

The P—— inquired of Lord Liſmoor, in a whiſper audible enough to reach our ears, who we were; and, while an approving ſmile adorned his elegant countenance, he honoured us with one of thoſe graceful bows ſo peculiar to himſelf, and accompanied by his royal friend, attended the Dutcheſs of * * * * * to her carriage; while

Lord

Lord Liſmoor and Clara's conqueſt begged permiſſion to attend us.

GEORGINA.

LETTER XXXII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THE friendly counſel of the amiable Dutcheſs proved ſucceſsful: I ſoon became the idol of the day, flattered, toaſted, and ſought after without deſerving it: for ſurely reaſon tells us that levity ought not to enſure admiration; but what has reaſon to do with the whim of the multitude? Gratified pride, the ruling paſſion of Mr. Meredith,

dith, reſtored me to the place I had firſt poſſeſſed in his heart. At firſt he was ſurpriſed at the ſudden alteration in my manners: but as I, for a ſhort time, ſoared above the late object of his tender preference in the public opinion, he likewiſe, for that time, aſſigned me the ſame diſtinction that ſhe had poſſeſſed from him; and I muſt do him the juſtice to believe that I even rivalled the dice in his affections. But play, darling play, ſtill engroſſed the moſt conſiderable portion of his time. His midnight hours were devoted to procure ruin and wretchedneſs; and although, to his moſt intimate friends, he ſcrupled not to profeſs himſelf my moſt ardent adorer, yet, like a truly modiſh pair, we ſeldom ſaw each other, except in public; then indeed, in honour to the caprice of faſhion, he generally ventured to diſtinguiſh his own wife, without the formidable apprehenſion

henſion of appearing ſingular or exceſſively ridiculous. But the deſtructive vice to which he was ſo irrecoverably devoted being attended by an uncommon run of ill-ſucceſs, his fortune melted faſt away before it. Thoſe who have the vain ambition to vie on all occaſions with Princes, and thoſe poſſeſſed of princely fortunes, generally pay pretty dear for their preſumption, and ſuch was the experience of Mr. Meredith; for ere we had been united one year his fortune was ſo much reduced as to be unequal to ſupport the rank we held in ſociety. I ſaw this with concern, but knew Mr. Meredith's nature too well to expoſtulate: well aſſured that his pride would never conſent to the alteration that prudence and juſtice dictated in our mode of living. I forbore from hinting my thoughts to him, but confined them to my own breaſt, while I

ſecretly trembled for thoſe conſequences that appeared inevitable. One evil ariſing from embarraſſed circumſtances naturally begets another: importunate creditors ſoon crowded our doors; and each new day came attended by ſome circumſtance, to wound the haughty ſpirit of Mr. Meredith. Lady Wharton had the malicious cruelty to aſſert that it was my imprudence which had driven her brother into ſuch exceſſes, and ruined his fortune; but I am inclined to believe that this injurious aſperſion met with a very ſmall portion of belief. The world in its opinions is more juſt than we are at firſt led to imagine: Lady Wharton poſſeſſed the favour and confidence of a very few, and my cauſe was generally eſpouſed. Ah! could they have known the ſentiments of my ſoul, they would have been

been convinced that the maſk of gaiety and eaſe which I had aſſumed, in compliance with the impulſes of duty, to retain, if poſſible, the affections of him with whom Heaven had united my fate, was but the painted vizard of a wretched heart.

While our affairs were in this ſtate, the French Nobleman whom we had firſt ſeen at Lady D——'s rout profeſſed himſelf the ſerious lover of Clara, and ſolicited her hand: I ardently wiſhed to ſee her happy with ſome object worthy of her preference. I trembled for her fate, when I reflected on the gentleneſs of her nature, and our accumulating embarraſſments, leſt ſhe might be involved in them by ſome exceſs of generoſity.

The Comte de Cervigne apparently merited the higheſt approbation, and I became the advocate of his ſuit;

Clara

Clara preferred him to any ſhe had ever converſed with: and I had ſoon the pleaſure of ſeeing her ſecured from the reach of our impending misfortunes under his protection. The Comte was recalled immediately after their marriage, and our parting was productive of infinite regret, but to none more truly than myſelf; who, in her loſs, was deprived of the only bleſſing I enjoyed, the only pleaſure of which my heart was ſuſceptible.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

LADY Wharton was ſtrongly averſe to Clara's union with the Comte, merely becauſe ſhe was informed that I had promoted it: ſhe could never be prevailed on to ſee her after it had taken place, and was more than ever implacable toward me. I could have had no view in eſpouſing the cauſe of the Comte but the intereſt and happineſs of my lovely friend and ſiſter; and to thoſe ends I hope my exertions will prove conducive. My kind benefactor highly approved the match from my deſcription of the Comte, and preſented them with a ſide board of plate and a box

box of jewels, on their wedding-day; accompanied by another of equal value to myſelf.

I carefully concealed the derangement of our affairs from the inhabitants of Meredith-place; but Lady Wharton (deeper ſtung by enmity to me, from being informed of the preſent I had received in conſequence of Clara's nuptials,) took infinite pains to convey the unpleaſing truth, with all its falſe and cruel aggravations to the perſon from whom I was moſt deſirous to conceal it. Grieved and amazed, my generous friend and father inſtantly penned a faithful narrative of what had reached his ears, and applied to me for its truth. My honour was too deeply concerned to admit of much concealment,—and I returned a ſimple but candid account of the ſituation of our affairs; only ſuppreſſing as much as poſſible all that could reflect on Mr. Meredith. This letter produced the deſired effect,

and

and proved a ſufficient apology. Ever kind and indulgent, my kind benefactor immediately undertook to relieve us from all our difficulties, in ſuch a manner as not to wound me in the pride of Mr. Meredith. Thus happily releaſed from the inſupportable ſlavery of pecuniary embarraſſments, regularity and peace prevailed in our family; but its duration was very ſhort lived. Gambling of all vices, is ſurely the moſt infatuating: the hours hung heavily on Mr. Meredith's hands, again he had reſource to play for amuſement; but ſoon he converted it into more ſerious concern: his fortune and peace were again its victims. Diſorder and difficulties again ſurrounded us: wretchedneſs invaded my heart, when, ſitting one evening in my dreſſing-room oppreſſed by melancholy, my benefactor was announced. A cold fear ſeized my whole frame, paleneſs overſpread my countenance, and my trembling limbs would ſcarcely

ſupport

ſupport me to receive him.—I feared ſome direful misfortune was the occaſion of this unexpected viſit.—He inquired for Mr. Meredith, and, when midnight arrived, he expreſſed his ſurprize that he was not returned, adding, 'I hope my Georgina is not often 'left thus:'—I replied in the negative. I endeavoured to conceal all that could wound his peace; but his judgment was not to be deceived. I began to think that the apprehenſions which his arrival firſt excited were groundleſs, and that his viſit was wholly dictated by his anxiety reſpecting the ſtate of our affairs: but my fears were more than realized the following morning, when, after much preparatory converſe, he put the following letter into my hand, while tears of poignant anguiſh and generous compaſſion ſuffuſed his eyes. I ſeized it with trembling hands—the characters ſwam before my ſight, and it was with great difficulty I could ſupport

ſupport myſelf to its concluſion:—its contents will be for ever engraven on my memory.

To Mr. Meredith.

'Sir

'I embrace the earlieſt 'opportunity to inform you that Mr. 'D'Albany, the young gentleman, who, 'by your recommendation, embarked 'in my ſhip a paſſenger for india, was 'found miſſing in leſs than an hour 'after we ſailed from Spithead; and 'we have every reaſon to believe 'muſt have fallen over board: his 'property is ſafe in my poſſeſſion, and 'will be given up to you on my return 'to England. I am concerned to be 'the communicator of ſuch a melan-'choly event to you, as I doubt not but 'it will affect you and your family 'ſtill more ſenſibly than it has done

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'James Hepburn.'

It

It is not in the power of language to convey the moſt diſtant idea of the ſevere ſhock which I received from the peruſal of this letter: a fixed, but ſilent ſorrow ſeemed to ſuſpend the ſprings of life; incapable of ſpeech, I lifted up my hands to heaven, ſtill graſping the fatal paper, and mentally ſupplicated the Diſpenſer of every bleſſing for ſupport and conſolation. But a death-like ſickneſs ſuddenly invaded my heart;—the pangs of diſſolution ſeemed to ſurround me, and I was conveyed to my chamber. A ſevere illneſs was the conſequence, my recovery was long doubtful; but, after a confinement of many weeks, I was reſerved for greater ſufferings: alas! the meaſure of my woes were not then complete.

GEORGINA.

LETTER XXXIV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

My reſtoration to reaſon preſented me with nothing but inexplicable myſteries; offended pride, and keen reſentment ſat on the features of Mr. Meredith; he ſeemed to regard me as an object of deteſtation, and avoided me with the moſt aſſiduous care. I turned my languid and inquiring eyes toward the expreſſive countenance of my benefactor, but only encountered additional alarms; ſoft compaſſion was there blended with keen anguiſh, and ſevere regret: and in vain I endeavoured to explore their hidden ſource. Anxiety and ſorrow ſtill corroded my peace;

peace; the ſuppoſed fate of Lionel D'Albany, was the conſtant ſubject of my thoughts, and diffuſed an unconquerable ſadneſs around me. The ſociety of my revered benefactor was my only conſolation, but heaven did not vouchſafe that bleſſing long: neceſſary attention to his affairs recalled him to Meredith-place; he folded me tenderly in his arms; I wept in his parental boſom; he mingled his pitying tears with mine, then ſpoke of comfort and happineſs in ſtore for me. But, alas! I felt the ſad aſſurance that theſe celeſtial gueſts were baniſhed from my heart. He turned from me full of emotion; again I claſped his hand, and again he conjured me for his ſake, for my own, to forget, if poſſible, all that could wound my peace. I vowed obedience; I petitioned the Supreme for ſtrength to perform that vow, and my ever dear and valued friend, bade me a reluctant and mournful adieu.

Mr. Meredith no longer thought it neceſſary to conceal the warring and tumultuous paſſions that ſtruggled in his heart: ſcorn, reſentment, and hatred, were now evident in his behaviour toward me; and, I bowed, like a ſilent uncomplaining victim, under the laſh of his unfeeling tyranny. My friend, my kind conſoling Clara was gone, the amiable Dutcheſs of ***** was abſent from town, and I had no ſympathizing fellow mind to whom I could reveal the ſorrows of my heart; or unboſom the ſecret load of oppreſſion that rendered life inſupportable. Mr. Meredith's temper became each day more intolerable: his time, as uſual, was devoted to every licentious and deſtructive purſuit; and if ever he thought proper to honour me with his company, it was only to augment my wretchedneſs by ill-humour and unmeritted reproach. Often he accuſed me of indulging ſome ſecret paſſion; I always

endeavoured to evade the ungrateful ſubject, but my conduct only ſerved to increaſe his ſuſpicions; and, in one of his fits of fury, he fiercely demanded to know who was the favoured rival and deſtroyer of his honour that I nouriſhed in my heart. I ſtarted at the cruel and unjuſt accuſation! 'This Zelidor!' he exclaimed, 'on whom your falſe heart doats! This fictitious ſylph! Think not that I am blind or forgetful! remember the maſquerade! that Zelidor is no ſtranger to my ſuſpicions.—Yet, I thought my honour ſafe; I weakly believed your heart my own till your betraying tongue lately revealed the guilty flame that now conſumes you; for know, in ſpite of all our ſoft deluding arts, delirium *has drawn aſide* the veil!' This cruel and unmerited accuſation agonized my whole frame, anguiſh rendered me incapable of replying, the cauſe of Mr. Meredith's late behavi-

our was now but too evident: his pride was wounded by ſome unhappy truth that had eſcaped my lips during my illneſs: the image of Zelidor ever preſented itſelf with that of my lamented friend Lionel D'Albany; and my ſad ſoul mourned over the myſteries that enveloped his fate. Mr. Meredith regarded me with looks of fury and deteſtation, as I ſat beſide him drowned in ſorrow; and while conſcious integrity exculpated me from any breach of duty toward him, a ſenſe of error filled my heart, when I reflected on my fatal inſincerity in conſenting to an union ſo inauſpiſcious; for well had experience convinced me that

'Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
'Ill ſuited to each other, join'd not match'd.'

But I likewiſe felt the ſtrongeſt aſſurance that it was then too late to be ſincere, and avow the truth that had imbittered

imbittered my happieſt moments. Duty commanded me if I could not conquer, to conceal the ſecret of my heart, and the confuſion which would before have been laudable, would then have been almoſt criminal. Overwhelmed as I was with affliction, I yet felt it incumbent on me to aſſert my innocence, and leave no means untried, to remove Mr. Meredith's injurious doubts; endeavouring therefore to aſſume an air of compoſure, I aſſured him that my heart acquitted me of any intentional offence toward him; and I truſted that he would not ſuffer the wild ravings of frenzy to leave an unfavourable impreſſion on his mind reſpecting my fidelity or affection. As I thus addreſſed him he ſtarted from his ſeat, and as the laſt words fell from my lips, he fiercely bade me avoid him as I would ſhun perdition! I ſtood amazed! His aſpect, his air, voice, attitude, man-

ner, and words, were ſufficient to intimidate a much bolder heart than mine. 'Begone!' he repeated, 'Begone! as 'you value your exiſtence.' I trembled at this menace; but juſtice ſeemed to forbid my departure, till I had made another effort to ſoften his rage and exculpate myſelf in his opinion; and again, in defiance of danger, I attempted to ſooth him. I told him that, if for a moment he would be calm, I could eaſily baniſh the unfortunate ſuſpicions that had ſo cruelly diſtreſſed us both;— 'for purity, honour, and truth,' ſaid I, 'are aſſuredly the inmates of my ſoul; 'and guilt, even in thought, never found 'admiſſion there.—Do not then'— He interrupted me with inconceivable fury. 'Wretch!' he exclaimed, 'falſe, 'hateful wretch! dare you ſuppoſe, 'that I am to be the dupe of your per- 'fidious wiles? No! carry them to 'your paramour, your ſecret love!—

'But,

'But, preſume not on thy life to tamper 'with me, I know you!'—'Know me!' I repeated, ſcarce believing the teſtimony of my ſenſes, 'Know me! gra-'cious powers! What then, am I?'—'A diſgrace to thyſelf!' he cried in a 'voice hoarſe with rage—'A diſgrace, 'I fear to me and to thy ſex!' I burſt into an agony of tears, I ſhrieked; I flew, and fell proſtrate at his feet;—exclaiming in the bittereſt diſtreſs, 'Never! oh! never, never! What 'malignant tongue has wronged me 'thus?'—'Go,' ſaid he, aiming a furious blow at me as I knelt before him; 'go Circe, and inquire in the infernal 'regions!' My ſenſes inſtantly forſook me; and, when I became again ſuſceptible of the horrors of excruciating reflection, I found myſelf ſupported in the arms of my brother, who bathed my face with tears of affection, and tendereſt ſympathy. I ſtarted on

beholding him; I threw my arms around him, and wept paſſionately in his boſom; then demanded to know what pitying angel had brought him to alleviate my deep diſtreſs. He made an effort to ſpeak, but his tongue refuſed its office: I read ſome dire misfortune on his brow, and earneſtly importuned him to compaſſionate, and relieve the dreadful ſuſpence that agonized my ſoul; he ſhook his head, averted his ſtreaming eyes from mine, but ſtill was ſilent.—Again I ardently beſought him to inform me what fatal truth it was that hung upon his lips; and he faultered out,—'Only to ſee, 'and embrace my beloved ſiſter.' Still I doubted his aſſertion, ſtill I ſuſpected ſome new misfortune—and ſtill continued to importune him,—till at length I forced from him theſe ſad particulars. That beſt and moſt reſpected of men, our generous benefactor, invaluable guardian,

guardian, and friend was no more; and the amiable Matilda was all that was left us of the family of D'Albany. Situated on the banks of one of the moſt delightful rivers in this kingdom, our worthy friend had accuſtomed himſelf to frequent excurſions upon it, and kept a pleaſure-boat for that purpoſe: when, one fatal evening, Edward being rather indiſpoſed was moſt providentially with Matilda, who was generally both his nurſe and beſt phyſician, excuſed from their uſual attendance, and the younger D'Albany's ſupplied their abſence. But ſcarcely had they quitted the ſhore when a violent ſtorm aroſe in which they periſhed; while the almoſt diſtracted inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets, after hazarding their lives for their reſcue, witneſſed with ſtreaming eyes and bleeding hearts their calamitous fate; and liſtened to the piercing ſhrieks and groans

of their benevolent patron, and his little, much loved companions, without being empowered to afford them any relief. Such were the afflictive particulars, which at intervals I gathered from Edward's faltering lips; repeatedly he beſought me to reſign myſelf to the diſtreſsful event, and ſubmit without repining to the awards of heaven. I promiſe obedience to his ſalutary counſel; I endeavoured to profit by his amiable example: but, alas! I had many ſecret ſorrows to encounter, of which he was unconſcious. I wiſhed, if poſſible, to conceal from this dear friend and brother the cruelties I daily experienced from my miſguided huſband; but they were too flagrant to admit of diſguiſe; Edward was deeply ſenſible of the miſeries ariſing from that unfortunate union: and while he ſtrove to veil his obſervation of my diſtreſs, he ſecretly participated in them.

No

No deſcription can convey a juſt idea of the anguiſh which my heart experienced from Edward's ſad narration: Mr. Meredith liſtened to the recital of it in ſullen ſilence; and after cooly expreſſing his ſenſe of his uncle's exalted worth, and his regret for the loſs of ſociety in general, and his own family in particular muſt ſuſtain by his death; he left us to impart the mournful intelligence to Lord and Lady Wharton; and, accompanied by them, an early day was fixed on for our viſiting Meredith-place.

GEORGINA.

LETTER XXXV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

On our arrival at Meredith-place, my ſorrows bled afreſh: I viſited the ſacred ſpot that held the remains of him who had ſupplied every other loſs, and been more than a parent to me; I bedewed it with tears of gratitude, and ardently beſought the Almighty that we might not be long ſeparated. But my attention was ſoon called off from theſe ſad ſcenes, by Lady Wharton's impatience to know in what manner her uncle had bequeathed his effects: this was of more moment in her eſtimation than unavailing complaints about what was irremediable; but diſappointment

appointment attended the gratification of her curioſity. The fortune on which her avaricious hopes were fixed was equally divided, one half to the D'Albany's, the other to Edward and myſelf, (my portion, as carefully ſecured from the power of Mr. Meredith; as was the eſtate left me by Sir Robert) with only a deduction of fifteen thouſand pounds equally diſpenſed between Mr. Meredith, Lady Wharton, and Clara; and ſome inconſiderable legacies, as momentos of his regard to his tenants and ſervants: the portion of the D'Albany's, in conſequence of the late melancholy event, became ſolely Matilda's and was a very conſiderable fortune. Diſappointment and rage ſat on Lord and Lady Wharton's features; nor were thoſe of Mr. Meredith leſs expreſſive of diſpleaſure. My heart was wounded by expreſſions of diſreſpect toward the memory of the moſt worthy of men; whom they pronounced

cruel,

cruel, unjuſt, and inſane, juſt as their caprice and avarice dictated. The latter aſſertion of inſanity ſuggeſted an idea replete with gratification to Lady Wharton. She communicated it to his Lordſhip and her brother, by whom it was highly approved: they united in declaring that nothing but madneſs could occaſion a diſtribution ſo inconſiſtent with the juſtice of his character, and ſo repugnant to the dignity and welfare of his family; and after much conſultation with each other, having ſuborned ſome mercenary wretches to ſwear to facts, that never exiſted, they had recourſe to law to prove their ſcandalous aſſertions good;—and by the moſt iniquitous artifices, they influenced the diſpenſers of public juſtice in their favour: the will of our benefactor was ſet aſide, from his being pronounced inſane: Mr. Meredith and his ſiſters ſhared his fortune in conſequence of it; Edward and

Matilda

Matilda were left deſtitute, and his dependants deprived of the ſmall ſtipend bequeathed them as a proof of his regard and a reward for their fidelity.

This was an event which, diveſted of every ſelfiſh motive, I could not but regret: with compaſſion and grief I beheld my beggared brother and his lovely little friend and fellow ſufferer; with emotion I claſped them both in my arms, preſſed them to my agonized heart, and inquired of fate what other evils it had in ſtore, to afflict me with and bow my drooping ſpirit down to the grave.

A letter from my ever kind and ſympathetic friend, the lovely Clara, proved ſome alleviation of my diſtreſs: it breathed the very ſoul of friendſhip, lamented all my misfortunes, claimed a ſhare of every diſtreſs, and declared herſelf and the Comte entirely ignorant of the diſgraceful tranſaction relative to her uncle's will, until by her brother

they

they had been informed of its event; deplored the fate of Edward and Matilda, and was joined by the Comte in earneſtly requeſting that I would prevail on my brother and amiable friend to accept an aſſylum with them, and reſt aſſured of every protection and happineſs that their friendſhip and rank in life would afford them. A propoſal ſo truly noble called for my utmoſt gratitude, and ſoftened for a time the rigour of my fate. 'Depend-'ence on the good and truly great,' ſaid I, 'is no ſuch grievous burden, 'my brother and friend will be defend-'ed from injury and misfortune; and I 'ſhall be inſpired with fortitude to en-'counter whatever afflictions may 'henceforth await me, by that bleſſed 'aſſurance.' Edward and Matilda acquieſced with my wiſhes, and embarked for France; while Mr. Meredith murmured his diſapprobation. Lord Wharton expreſſed ſome ſurprize, and

and his lady inveighed loudly againſt what ſhe was pleaſed to term her ſiſter's unpardonable credulity.

Meredith-place now became a ſubject of diſpute; Mr. Meredith claimed it for his own, while Lady Wharton inſiſted on an equal ſhare of it, and propoſed its being ſold by public auction. Again they had reſource to law, which decided in favour of Mr. Meredith, the eſtate being a freehold; and it became our ſummer reſidence. This was an event which afforded me a temporary conſolation: Meredith-place was endeared to my heart, by every tender tie; and in its ſolitary and delightful ſhades I hoped to loſe the torturing ſenſe of preſent evils in the grateful contemplation of former bleſſings. Vain expectation! indulgence ſooths our woes, but ſeldom effectually relieves them; and Meredith-place, the ſcene of paſt happineſs, only ſerved to remind me of preſent misfortunes; and

added

added tenfold to the anguiſh that oppreſſed my mind. Yet my ſoul ſighed perpetually for the enjoyment of thoſe ſcenes that nouriſhed my ſorrows; and Mr. Meredith yielded without reluctance to this propenſity, as it procured him my abſence, and gave him more unbounded freedom to indulge his licentiouſneſs. Regardleſs of the frequent entreaties and expoſtulations of my ſtill ſincere and amiable friend the Dutcheſs of * * * * *, regardleſs of all the reſt of the world, I continued to nurſe my woes in obſcurity. Mrs. Jones, the old houſe-keeper, was ſtill retained in our ſervice at my earneſt importunity. With her I converſed of paſt felicity, retraced former ſcenes, dwelt on the memory of my lamented friends, and looked forward to the bliſful hope of being reunited to them in a happier ſtate. My health declined daily, and every alteration in my countenance filled my heart with gratitude:

life

life was become an inſupportable oppreſſion, and I ardently prayed for permiſſion to reſign it.

'Death is the priviledge of human nature,
'And life without it were not worth taking:
'Thither the poor, the priſoner and the mourner
'Fly for relief, and lay their ſorrow down.'

And who had greater cauſe to mourn than me? bereft of every comfort, every joy: deſpiſed, neglected, and looked upon as an hated incumbrance, even by the man to whoſe impetuous wiſhes I had devoted my brighteſt hopes. But my misfortunes were not yet complete. A ſhort and ſcarce intelligible letter from Mr. Meredith ſuddenly ſummoned me to town. I inſtantly obeyed, and on my arrival was met by my unfortunate huſband, who, in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction, informed me that he had loſt his whole fortune at the gaming table to Lord Liſmoor. Afflicted beyond the power

of

of expreſſing at this account, I ſtrove to conceal my emotions, and tenderly reminded him that we had ſtill a happy reſource in my eſtate in Herefordſhire: and beſought him to forget paſt errors and misfortunes, and retiring there with me, endeavour to realize a little fund of happineſs in the boſom of calm contentment and connubial felicity.—But alas! theſe were pleaſures which Mr. Meredith was ill qualified to enjoy. 'No,' he replied haughtily—'never 'will I bury myſelf in obſcurity, 'dependant on the bounty of a woman.' With this aſſurance he abruptly left me; and, while I ſat ruminating on my unhappy lot, I was ſurprized by a viſit from Lord Liſmoor. Unſuſpicious of ſuch an honour, and wholly engroſſed by my misfortunes, I had omitted giving any caution to the ſervants, much as I wiſhed to avoid intruders, and be left to the unmoleſted indulgence of reflection, and his Lordſhip

ſhip was admitted without any heſitation. His viſit at that juncture was rendered doubly unwelcome, by reminding me moſt painfully of our wretched ſituation: methought I traced an air of triumph on his brow, which he ſtrove to veil under the ſemblance of ſympathetic friendſhip; I believed he was come to exult over our calamities, and my heart accuſed him of moſt unfeeling indelicacy. My reception of him was therefore expreſſive of the ſenſations which his preſence excited; he ſeemed to feel the reproof which my looks were meant to convey, and addreſſed me with viſible trepidation. After the uſual forms on theſe occaſions his Lordſhip ſeated himſelf beſide me, with his accuſtomed freedom, and, after many friendly inquiries relative to myſelf, my brother, and Matilda DA'lbany, he obſerved with the moſt delicate, yet tender concern, the alteration in my countenance, and breathed

breathed ſome very pathetic ſighs. I never experienced a moment of equal embarraſſment: he ſeized my hand, and dared to preſs it to his lips; I felt the inſult, and withdrawing it, while grief and reſentment dyed my cheek, and agonized my whole frame, I aroſe haſtily from my ſeat, and, unable to conquer or ſtruggle with my emotions, I burſt into tears. Alarmed at having thus eaſily and undeſignedly wounded my ſenſibility, he exerted all his art again to ſooth it, declaring that he came to conſole and not afflict me, and ardently beſought me to pardon the indiſcretion of which he had been guilty;——'An 'indiſcretion,' he added, throwing himſelf at my feet, 'for which nothing 'can apologize, but the unconquerable 'attachment with which you have in-'ſpired me.'—'And to ſuch apologies 'I ſhall not liſten, my Lord,' ſaid I, turning from him with all the dignity I could aſſume,——'an avowal of love,

'to

'to a married woman, I muſt ever 'conſider an unpardonable inſult.' I was opening the door to leave him, but, claſping me round the waiſt, he ſwore he would not loſe the preſent happy opportunity. 'I come,' ſaid he, 'to offer you all that Heaven can be-'ſtow, or mankind call bliſs; wealth, 'pleaſure, and an adoring heart. This 'huſband, to whom you boaſt ſuch un-'changeable fidelity, has he not ex-'poſed you to want and wretchedneſs? 'has he not abandoned you to ſolitude 'and dejection, neglected your ange-'lic beauties, nay, made you the com-'mon ſport of his licentious moments, your truth and virtue the ſubject of his 'profane mirth? and is this the man that 'you will madly perſiſt in regarding?'— 'No more,' ſaid I, ſtruggling to diſengage myſelf; 'no more of this unwelcome, nay 'cruel and moſt unfeeling information; 'there wanted no buſy intermeddler to 'convince me of my wretchedneſs. Mr. 'Meredith has faults perhaps, and who

'is free from them? It is then my
'duty to endeavour to reform him, and
'if I cannot effect that, I ſhall never,
'I truſt, in any reſpect degrade him
'or myſelf; he is my huſband, and his
'enemy can never be my friend. For
'you, my Lord, I hope we ſhall never
'meet again: the place of which I am
'miſtreſs ſhall never more with my
'permiſſion open to receive you.'
'Indeed, Madam!' he replied, 'what,
'ſo heroic?---But know, my lovely
'ingrate, that this houſe and all
'that it contains is mine; and you
'among the reſt.'—'Me!' I exclaimed,
'me! baſe, falſe, inſulting madman!
'How dare you pollute my honour, and
'further wrong the man you have al-
'ready ruined? But I truſt we ſhall
'ever be preſerved from your power;
'I have ſtill a huſband to protect me
'and puniſh you.'—'But I am appre-
'henſive he will not be very eaſily
'found, Madam,' he replied, while an

air

air of cool inſult overſpread his features, 'not found,' ſaid I, attempting to pull the bell.——'But I ſhall try, 'Sir, even at this late hour; I ſhall go 'in ſearch of him, nor remain one mo-'ment longer beneath your roof.'—'But 'hear me,' he cried, holding me forcibly in his arms, 'and do not thus act 'the heroine with one, who, though 'young, is no ſtranger to the arts of 'your ſex.'—'Arts!' ſaid I, burſting again into tears, 'baſe, cruel, moſt un-'generous man; know I deſpiſe and 'deteſt all arts—as much as I do you.' '—Well,' ſaid he, 'well, Madam;' ſtruggling with his riſing paſſion—'it muſt be confeſſed, that you are 'grateful for my friendly intentions 'of conſoling and relieving your afflic-'tions.'—'I tell you,' ſaid I, 'I ſcorn 'your conſolations, equally as I do your-'ſelf.'—'But ſee,' he cried, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'does this merit 'ſcorn and hatred? I came to reſtore

'you your husband's fortune, which
'chance made mine; gladly would I
'add to it my own: my heart you
'know has long been solely yours. I
'loved you from the first moment I
'beheld those fascinating eyes: I even
'madly adored you, long ere you
'blindly gave yourself away to this
'unworthy Meredith. My heart, for-
'tune, titles, every thing, were laid at
'your feet:—but you rejected them;—
'and, cruel as you are, condemned me
'to hopeless misery for one who never
'was capable of adoring you like me.
'Love you I still do, and shall for ever!'
—He was softened even to tears.
'Would to heaven;' he added pas-
sionately—'would to heaven that ho-
'nour could now justify my addresses!
'But what has happiness to do with a
'name, an airy sound; merit like
'yours will ever command respect and
'admiration; nor can you talk of wrong-
'ing a husband who has deserted you

'to

'to want and infamy;—who has pre-
'ferred to you the moſt abandoned and
'worthleſs of your ſex, and laviſhed his
'health and fortune upon them. Oh!
'had you been honourably mine, how
'would my fond heart have prized the
'ineſtimable treaſure? how would I have
'guarded you from every ill, and thought
'myſelf more bleſſed in the poſſeſſion
'of you heart than in the ſovereignty
'of the univerſe?' He abſolutely bathed my hand with his tears, and ſuffered me to diſengage myſelf from his arms. I threw myſelf into a chair, almoſt loſt to every ſenſation, and he hung over me deeply affected. 'Leave
'me,' ſaid I, 'my Lord; leave me, I
'entreat you, if compaſſion really ex-
'iſts in your heart.—Oh! no longer
'perſecute one already moſt truly mi-
'ſerable.—To-morrow I will quit your
'houſe; but now—what can I do until
'I ſee Mr. Meredith? Would you
'have me wander through the ſtreets

'at this hour? But better that than 'ſubmit to the repetition of ſuch inſults 'as I have juſt experienced from you, 'and which diſhonour human nature. 'Ruin and penury are evils in them-'ſelves ſufficiently dreadful; there 'needed not this cruel aggravation.' 'Nor did I mean it, Madam;' he replied, 'I came impelled by very differ-'ent motives, to ſooth and not 'augment your ſorrows: but madneſs 'has deluded me I know not whither: 'reaſon is an inſufficient guard againſt 'your charms. I never meant to 'wound your gentle nature; I never 'meant to utter what I have done. 'But a headſtrong paſſion has betrayed 'me into error; ſay that you can for-'give my preſumption, I ſhall offend 'no more.' The clock ſtruck one; I ſtarted: 'Is this a time, my Lord,' ſaid I, ſcarce knowing what I did; 'for mercy's ſake leave me; and let the 'ſight of this,' taking up the paper

that

that lay on the table, 'no more add to 'my diſtreſs.' He obeyed; and, returning the paper reluctantly into his pocket, wiſhed me happier; and bowing reſpectfully retired.

Abſorbed in ſorrow I haſtened into my dreſſing room, and, ringing for my woman, bade her retire to reſt: then throwing myſelf on the bed, I paſſed the night in ſad reflections, and cruelleſt ſuſpenſe. The abſence of Mr. Meredith filled me with moſt dreadful apprehenſions; and when I rang the next morning for my breakfaſt, I was informed that Lord Wharton waited to ſee me. A viſiter ſo unexpected increaſed my emotions: neither Mr. Meredith nor myſelf had ever had the the leaſt intercourſe with that nobleman or his lady, ſince the diſpute that had ariſen reſpecting Meredith-place; and well aſſured that his preſence muſt originate from ſome very extraordinary cauſe, I gave orders for his

inſtant admiſſion. I aroſe with perturbation on his entrance—I inquired for his lady; he ſcarcely made me any reply; he trembled, and appeared extremely diſcompoſed, but I read ſome fatal ſecret in his looks. He ſat ſilent for ſome moments: the anguiſh of my heart became too powerful to be concealed; he ſeemed affected by my diſtreſs, and, in tremulous accents, inquired if I had lately ſeen or heard of Mr. Meredith.—I replied, as well as my emotions would permit, that I had not ſince the preceding evening; told him that I read ſome new diſtreſs pictured on his features, and conjured him to let me know the extent of my miſery; for the moſt afflictive certainty could not exceed the terrifying fears that agitated my mind. He ſeemed unwilling to acquieſce with my requeſt; but after much importunity on my part, and preparatory on his, not

omitting

omitting ſome oblique reflections on Mr. Meredith's conduct, and compariſons highly flattering reſpecting mine, he drew the following letter from his pocket:

'To Lady Wharton.

'My ruin is complete! I am undone 'in fame as well as fortune! Drove to 'deſperation by my late loſs, I have 'had reſource to loaded dice; I am de-'tected, and muſt for ever fly my na-'tive land to avoid further ſhame. Liſ-'moor—But I acquit him of injuſtice; 'what he has won was won fairly; 'but he has inſulted me by offering to 'reſtore my fortune, that I will never 'forgive. Was not my wife the re-'compenſe he ſought? Frenzy ſeizes 'me when I turn my thoughts to her. 'Perhaps I have wronged her; but if 'poſſible, preſerve me from further

'diſhonour! Preſerve her from the
'power of Liſmoor! Diſappointed love
'on his part, and wounded ſenſibility
'on her's, may unite to complete her
'deſtruction, and my eternal ſhame;
'unleſs timely care is taken to prevent
'it. Be it your part, I earneſtly con-
'jure you, to ſhield off this dreaded de-
'nouncement to my misfortunes, which
'I could not poſſibly ſurvive. The
'honour of your brother is already
'ſullied; but let not his enemies tri-
'umph over him every way. Let not
'the public infamy of my wife ſtain
'the honour of our family: in this
'you are equally intereſted with my-
'ſelf. Liſmoor has long adored her;
'marriage is uſually the grave of love,
'at leaſt ſuch it has proved with me;
'I am indifferent to her charms, but
'intereſted in her fame. Let us then
'forget former animoſities and unite
'our efforts in this common cauſe, as

'you

'you value the peace of your unfortu-
'nate brother,

'P. MEREDITH.'

I bathed this letter with my tears; and while I deplored the fate of my unhappy Meredith, I bleſſed the humane attention of Lord Wharton; acknowledged the ſuſpicions relative to Lord Liſmoor's attachment, but too well-founded; deſcribed my late interview with him, and ardently beſought him to defend me from his future intruſions. Lord Wharton employed all his rhetoric to alleviate my diſtreſs, aſſured me of every protection and aid in his power: but added, that his exertions muſt be carefully concealed from his lady, as ſhe had been highly exaſperated on the receipt of her brother's letter, and refuſed to give herſelf any trouble about either him or me. His lordſhip added, it was therefore

abſolutely neceſſary to conceal from her the intereſt he took in my happineſs and ſafety. I acquieſced in this obſervation, and inquired if he was acquainted with the retreat of my ill-fated huſband; but he replied in the negative, and entreating me to quit that houſe as ſoon as poſſible, to avoid any future perſecutions from Lord Liſmoor, appointed a place where we could meet and determine on future plans in an obſcure ſtreet, ſituated in a diſtant part of the metropolis; and again enjoining the ſtricteſt ſecreſy relative to his interference, he took his leave, and I immediately proceeded to put the meaſures he had pointed out into execution. I wrote a letter to our worthy old houſekeeper at Meredith-place, encloſing a bill for the wages due to her; then, to avoid being traced, I walked out unattended into the ſtreet: and after proceeding a conſiderable diſtance from

the houſe that had ſo lately been my own, I called a hackney coach, and ordered it to convey me to the place that Lord Wharton had appointed. I did not wait long for his Lordſhip's appearance, he came; and, after congratulating me on my releaſe from the power of Lord Liſmoor, we proceeded to a ſerious diſcuſſion of the ſtate of my affairs. I told him that there were many honeſt tradeſmen who would ſuffer greatly, unleſs I indemnified them, which I was very ſolicitous of doing. The ſervants wages I likewiſe told him juſtice impelled me to diſcharge; as I never could conſent that the children of honeſt induſtry ſhould be defrauded through my means. 'My little eſtate in Herefordſhire,' ſaid I, 'will more than ſatisfy theſe 'demands, let it be ſold for that pur-'poſe; and with the remainder, if any 'remainder there he, I will retire to

'ſome

'ſome humble retreat, and devote the 'remainder of my days to virtuous ob-'ſcurity. If there is not enough even 'for that, I am young, and will endea-'vour to ſupport myſelf by honeſt la-'bour; while the ſweet aſſurance of 'conſcious rectitude will conſole me 'under every adverſity.' Lord Wharton loaded me with encomiums, highly applauded what he termed my noble and virtuous reſolves, and kindly undertook to put them in immediate practice; again aſſuring me of every aſſiſtance in his power; and lamenting the peculiar ſtate of his circumſtances, that prevented the gratification of his wiſhes toward offering me preſent aid; and rendered ſuch a reſource as I had pointed out neceſſary. Fully ſatisfied reſpecting his ſincerity, I delivered into his hands the writings of my little property: and he adviſed me to continue where I was until ſome more eligible

gible plan could be determined on. With the firmeſt reliance on his honour and friendſhip I acquieſced in whatever he propoſed, and, after conjuring him to leave no means untried of diſcovering the retreat of my wretched huſband, he quitted me with profeſſions of inviolable eſteem, and aſſurances of every exertion in his power to ſooth, if not efface, the ſenſe of my misfortunes.——Adieu, my valued friend, painful recollections dwell too deeply on my mind, and compel me to defer the ſequel of my ſad narrative to a future time.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

LORD Wharton was my conſtant viſiter and only conſoler: he aſſumed a borrowed name, and adviſed me to do the ſame, to ſhield us both from diſcovery or ſuſpicion. To diſguiſe and falſehood of every deſcription I had ever been a profeſſed enemy; but misfortune now ſeemed to render it expedient, and I acquieſced. Several weeks elapſed, but the promiſed ſettlement of my affairs was ſtill delayed. The indiſpoſition which had long oppreſſed me increaſed with accumulating misfortunes: the kindneſs and attention of Lord Wharton was unbounded; but I felt

I felt myſelf a dependant on his bounty, and daily importuned him to haſten the diſpoſal of my little property, and let me know on what I had to rely, with all the expedition in his power. He aſſured me of his utmoſt exertions; but added, that ſome unfortunate event always occurred to render them ineffectual: the watchful jealouſy of Lady Wharton, the troubleſome inquiries of Lord Liſmoor, and his reſearches after Mr. Meredith, were ſo many pleas for delay. Unceaſing anxiety at length conquered every remaining ſpark of fortitude, and I ſunk under the heavy preſſure of my woes. I wrote to Clara, to Edward, and Matilda D'Albany, but received no anſwer from either of them. Misfortune is ever apt to render us gloomy, and add imaginary to real cauſes of diſtreſs. I thought myſelf deſerted by all but Lord Wharton: and while I wondered at his apparently diſintereſted friendſhip, I mourned

the

the neglect of thoſe ſo dear to me at a time when my afflictions ſo peculiarly claimed every conſolation and aſſiſtance in their power to impart. I drooped daily under this heavy addition to my ſorrows, and my life was long deſpaired of. During my confinement I obſerved a very alarming alteration in the behaviour of Lord Wharton: expreſſions of impaſſioned tenderneſs frequently eſcaped him; as my danger ſubſided, the reſpect he had before obſerved toward me gradually gave place to warmer ſentiments. And at length he had the temerity to make me an open avowal of love. Amazed and ſhocked at a declaration ſo undaunted, ſo replete with guilt, and complicated baſeneſs, my ſoul ſhuddered on reflecting that I was ſo entirely in the power of a man ſo deeply verſed in all the paths of vice, ſo loſt to every principle of juſtice and humanity, ſo deliberately criminal as to defraud me of my little property

(which

(which I now began to fear was the caſe,) and form a deſign upon that honour which he had ſo ſolemnly ſworn, and which the laws of ſociety ought to oblige him, to protect, as being in ſome meaſure connected with his own. But ſelf-preſervation, for once, taught me prudence. And well-convinced that a wretch ſo depraved would not ſcruple any means to accompliſh the deſign he had ſo boldly dared to avow, for the firſt time in my life I diſſembled with the diſſembler, ſoothed him with falſe hopes to avoid certain deſtruction, and, pleading a ſudden faintneſs, as an apology for breaking off the converſation, I promiſed to explain my ſentiments to him more fully at our next interview. But that interview never came. Determined no more to parly with the deſtroyer, and, ſuſpicious of all around me, I reſolved not to remain another night under the roof where he had acceſs; and ſtole, unperceived,

perceived, out of the houſe as ſoon as darkneſs rendered ſuch a ſtep practicable. My feeble feet were winged by fear, and I flew, rather than walked, from one bye alley and unfrequented ſtreet to another, until my trembling limbs refuſed their ſupport; and, fainting, I ſunk upon the ſtep of the firſt door that chance preſented to my aching ſight. Surrounding objects ſwam before my eyes, inexpreſſible agony invaded my heart, a cold ſhivering ſeized me; and, believing the end of all my ſufferings near, I beſought Heaven to receive my wearied ſpirit, and my head reclined involuntarily upon the pavement; again I breathed an ardent prayer to that Being who had preſerved me from greater evils, and reſcued me from that cruel and abandoned man, Lord Wharton; and inſenſibility for a time relieved my miſeries. But I was preſerved from the impending ſtroke of death to witneſs

events

events ſtill more aſtoniſhing than any I had hitherto experienced. The firſt object that engaged my returning reaſon was my long loſt and lamented friend, Lionel D'Albany! I beheld him with tendereſt compaſſion weeping over me, as I raiſed my languid eyes to contemplate the objects around me; and firmly believing myſelf releaſed from the pains of mortality, I concluded that his gentle ſpirit was the firſt to congratulate my eſcape from wretchedneſs, and hail my arrival to the world of peace. An emanation of joy and inexpreſſible affection illumed his countenance; as I gazed on him, abſorbed in theſe reflections, but obſerving his tears begin to flow afreſh,——as I ſtretched out my arms to embrace him with all the purity of friendſhip, 'Do angels weep 'for mortal ſufferings?' ſaid I; 'are 'the ſpirits of the juſt ſuſceptible 'of the pains of humanity? — or, 'are you indeed,' I added, approaching

proaching him with feeble ſteps, 'are 'you indeed my friend;—my kind, 'good, dear Lionel D'Albany; and do 'I ſtill live?' He caught me in his arms as I uttered theſe words;—exclaiming in faultering accents, 'I am, I 'am!—Oh, my Georgina, forgive, forgive 'every thing! My prayer is heard!— 'I live again to hold you in theſe faith-'ful arms; but alas! not in happineſs.' 'Ah no!'—ſaid I, 'loſt! forſaken! de-'ſtitute!—and ſinking into an untimely 'grave!' He rivetted his pitying eyes on my altered features and emaciated form: he preſſed his cheek to mine, and we were both ſilent. 'And do you, can 'you ſtill eſteem me,' ſaid I, 'after 'all my errors? But ſay, how were 'you ſnatched from the fury of the 'waves? how is it that I now behold 'you? or rather, why have we been 'ſo long, ſo myſteriouſly ſeparated?'— 'Alas!' he replied, 'my poor unfortu-'nate, that narration muſt be reſerved

'for

'for ſome future hour;— now, we are 'neither of us equal to recollections 'which it muſt unavoidably excite.— 'Come, let me convey you to ſome 'peaceful haunt, where, in the boſom 'friendſhip and ſolitude, you will 'be ſecured from the malice of an in-'jurious world; where I will defend 'you from every evil, and make it the 'buſineſs of my life to ſooth your ſor-'rows: Ah! let us not delay one mo-'ment, let us haſte to avoid new pe-'rils; enemies may again ariſe to deſ-'troy you, and other misfortunes over-'whelm us both; for, can you ſuffer 'without my participation? can any 'woe affect your heart and not wound 'mine?' I wept my emotions in his bo-ſom, and, ſighing, exclaimed—'Alas! 'even this conſolation is denied me. 'Have I not a huſband? and can I 'ever taſte of peace while his fate is 'uncertain?' He ſtarted, then gently leading me to a chair, 'True,' ſaid he,

'oh,

'oh, moſt true! you are the wife of Mr.
'Meredith, and ought not to be happy
'while he is otherwiſe. Yet, ſurely it
'can be no crime for friendſhip to wiſh,
'and endeavour to alleviate your miſ-
'fortunes: that will I.—But we muſt
'part; it is neceſſary that we part.'
'Who was it that talked of parting!'
I exclaimed again, claſping his hand,
'oh! indeed you muſt not leave me!
'you muſt ſhield me, defend me from
'thoſe monſters that would complete
'my deſtruction!'—'I will, I will!'
he repeated, ſcarce able to articulate
the words. 'Fear not, my poor for-
'ſaken, injured innocent; I will de-
'fend you againſt a warring world!
'oh! what muſt the heart be that could
'wrong you?' I felt myſelf heavily
oppreſſed;---and begging I would try
to compoſe myſelf, and get a little
ſleep, he left me to the care of a hu-
mane, ſenſible, elderly woman; the
miſtreſs of the houſe. But inſtead of
obeying

obeying the injunctions of my amiable friend, and ſoliciting the gentle influence of Morpheus to ſooth my perturbed ſpirits, I entered into a very intereſting converſation with this honeſt woman; her natural loquacity favoured my purpoſe, and I obtained ſome deſirable intelligence from her relative to my unfortunate and long deplored D'Albany.

'The gentleman,' ſaid ſhe, in anſwer to my inquiries, 'is to be ſure 'as worthy a gentleman as any in all 'the world. He came to our houſe 'at firſt in a ſad plight to be ſure; 'quite a walking ſkeleton, and almoſt 'out of his mind: but he had plenty 'of money in his pocket, and we ſoon 'procured him good advice and ſet 'him upon his legs again. Mr. D'Al-'bany has been with us now above a 'year, Madam; and, during all that 'time, we could never find out who 'or what he is: he is always wandering

'about by day with a great hat ſlouch-
'ed over his face, as if he was aſhamed
'to be ſeen and afraid to be known;
'and weeping and lamenting all night.
'We have liſtened to him by the hour
'together, but all I could ever learn
'from his diſcourſe (for he talks very
'much to himſelf), was, that he is ſadly
'troubled about ſome young lady called
'*Jordeemy*, that he was deeply in love
'with; but who is married to ſomebody
'elſe; and ſo he is always crying and
'grieving about her. But he is a mighty
'civil, good-natured, quiet, charitable,
'worthy, honeſt, ſober gentleman as
'ever lived; and pays his way like a
'prince: ſo what objection can I have
'to his being in trouble? To be ſure
'my huſband uſed to be very unhappy
'about him at firſt, thinking he was
'haunted by an evil conſcience, and
'that he was a murderer, or a robber,
'or a forger, or a traitor, or a ſpy, or
'ſome terrible thing; or elſe that he

'was

'was downright crazy, and fit only
'for bedlam. But I ſoon made him
'eaſy about theſe things; I knowed
'better: I know what it is to be in love,
'Madam, and perhaps ſo do you; for
'you ſeem juſt like the gentleman in
'your way. Ah, he is a worthy creature,
'and every body in the houſe loves
'and likes him, and reſpects him.
'indeed we muſt be worſe than pagans
'if we did not; he is ſo good and mild
'and tender-hearted, and free-ſpirited,
'that it would be a crying ſin not to
'like him.'

I felt more from the artleſs narration of this honeſt woman than it is poſſible for me to deſcribe: an accuſing recollection ſtole upon my mind, but a variety of ſoothing images ſoftened the pangs it inflicted; and while I ſilently lamented the ſad conſequence of one inſincere moment, I reſigned myſelf to the will of Heaven; and, expreſſing my grateful ſenſe of the kind attention

of my humane entertainer, I bade her good night, and ſunk into a ſweet and peaceful ſlumber, whoſe ſalutary effects in a great meaſure reſtored my agitated ſpirits to their natural ſtate.

On my awaking the next morning I found my benevolent hoſteſs watching my couch, and on my inquiring for my amiable friend, ſhe informed me that his anxiety on my account, ſhe believed, was his only cauſe of complaint; and I begged her to inform him how much I was benefitted by the peaceful night's reſt I had enjoyed. She inſtantly acquieſced with my requeſt and returned with warm aſſurances of the ſatisfaction her embaſſy had afforded him, and ſoliciting my permiſſion to join me at breakfaſt. To this entreaty I returned an immediate affirmative; and when I had dreſſed myſelf I found him waiting for me in an adjacent room: we were both affected at meeting almoſt as much

as

as we had been the preceding night, and our humane entertainer left us to haſten breakfaſt.

During our repaſt I liſtened to the explanation of thoſe myſterious events that dwelt ſo ſtrongly upon my mind; which, with much heſitation, my amiable friend related in nearly theſe terms:

'Almoſt immediately on my em-
'barking for India, a young French-
'man, one of the paſſengers, particu-
'larly engaged my attention. In the
'courſe of our converſation, happening
'to ſay that my father was of his coun-
'try, he inquired of what family he
'was deſcended; and when I informed
'him, he then aſſured me that the title
'and eſtate of which my grandfather
'had been ſo unjuſtly deprived, would
'be reſtored on my appearing to claim
'them; as that unfortunate nobleman
'was declared guiltleſs of the offence
'for which he had ſuffered, and his
'innocence clearly demonſtrated by the

'confeſſion of his principal accuſer;
'who on his death bed had avowed
'himſelf the perpetrator of that crime
'againſt the ſtate, which had been laid
'to the charge of my predeceſſor, and
'eventually deprived him of his life
'and fortune.' Extremely affected by this information, yet doubtful of its authenticity, after ſome deliberation, I ſecretly reſolved to hazard a return. I had many tender endearing inducements that ſtrengthened this reſolution, and called it virtuous. My lovely ſiſter, and my little brother, were they not ſufficient to inſpire a more tranquil heart with courage? Could I venture life or fame in a more glorious cauſe? I had likewiſe other claims upon my heart; but be they henceforth, if poſſible, buried in forgetfulneſs. Aware that a ſtep ſo extraordinary, juſtified only by the bare aſſertion of a volatile and ſanguine youth, would in all probability ſubject me to the cenſure of more experienced

perienced heads; I reſolved to conceal my deſign even from him with whom it had originated, until its event was decided. In conſequence of this plan I arranged my affairs in the beſt manner that the time and ſituation would admit, and diſpoſing of what bills and money I was poſſeſſed about my perſon, I quitted the ſhip one calm night at the riſque of my life; (while the ſailors were relaxing from care over their grog, and the reſt of the company were engaged in conviviality below) and with no other aſſiſtance but a hen-coop which I had contrived, unſeen, to throw overboard. I ventured on the immenſe ocean, and was ſoon taken up by a cutter that I had previous to my quitting the ſhip obſerved near us. The crew of this veſſel were particularly humane to me, and made many inquiries relative to the ſituation in which they found me; but a few guineas, properly diſtributed among them, gratified their cu-

riosity more satisfactorily than any information I could have given them; and deservedly rewarded their services. After expressing my sense of their humanity, with equal assurances of gratitude and good will on their part, as they had so justly merited from me, they sat me ashore at the first port we reached. And as soon as I had recovered the extreme fatigue I had undergone, I began to revolve in my mind in what manner I should proceed in my arduous undertaking. Pride I am apt to believe is the ruling passion in the heart of man; and dignity, sensibility, delicacy, and generosity, worthy as they often are of approbation, are but so many, different descriptions of refined pride, and often productive of inexpressible misery to their possessors.

What is it but pride that seals the generous and timid lover's lips, till fortune enables him to exalt the object of his fondest wishes to a rank in society equal

equal to her merits, and his ambitious ardent love? He likewiſe reſts unſatiſfied if ſucceſsful in this reſpect, unleſs aſſured by the irreſiſtable evidence of concurring facts, that her heart returns his paſſion with equal ſincerity and ardour: and neglecting preſent opportunities of enſuring felicity, looks forward through the deluding optics of enthuſiaſtic hopes and youthful paſſion, to ſome future moment for the completion of that bliſs which is ſeldom realized. From this ſource innumerable evils may be traced. How many a worthy and exalted ſpirit has been its victim? How many a congenial ſoul devoted to wretchedneſs? Ardent minds are apt to expect too much, and are therefore generally attended by diſappointment. Such is my fate; I ſought for happineſs, perhaps incompatible with mortality, and behold the ſequel; a heart bound down with many ſorrows in the early bloom of life. Oh pride!

falſe, fatal ſyren! how haſt thou ſeduced me from the paths of peace? Ever impatient of cenſure where I felt and wiſhed to inſpire eſteem, pride deterred me from making a confident of that beſt and moſt regretted of men, Mr. Meredith. But the dear inhabitants of his ſweet abode hovered perpetually around my thoughts; and unable to conquer my eager deſire of again beholding you, ere I embarked on my purpoſed expedition for France, I aſſumed a mean diſguiſe, and haſtened to Meredith-place, with the caution of a midnight robber. But I did not obtain the reward I ſought: I could not trace your footſteps in the grove, nor hear the muſic of your voice in that little ſolitary temple where we uſed to ſpend our happieſt moments. A variety of tormenting fears invaded my anxious heart; I wandered about the houſe, watched whole nights under your window, and was beginning to abandon

don myſelf to deſpair, leſt ſome ſad misfortune had befallen you; when chance whiſpered conſolation to my alarming apprehenſions, by informing me that you had accompanied our dear benefactor to London. Thither I inſtantly haſtened, but my incaution had betrayed me to ſeveral of the domeſtics, and to Matilda; and the belief that my ghoſt had appeared among them was buſily circulated ere my departure for London. On my arrival there the habitation of Sir Robert Meredith, where all my hopes, all my affections, were centered, was the dear ſpot around which I hovered: I watched its door, and oft unſeen beheld you and that moſt worthy and revered of men our only friend. That maſquerade which will for ever be engraven on my memory was propitious to my prayers—You remember Zelidor! Again I ſaw, again I converſed with you both, and embarked for France, while ten thou-

ſand delightful images engroſſed my mind. But diſappointment and diſgrace attended my exertions there. Unpatronized, unknown, I was conſidered as an impoſtor, and my claim treated with contempt. Puniſhment threatened what was termed my daring preſumption, and I was glad to eſcape with my life and liberty. Ill ſucceſs now ſet the glaring errors of my conduct with all its aggravations before me: my heart accuſed me of folly, ingratitude, and raſhneſs. I determined to throw myſelf at the feet of Mr. Meredith, entreat his forgiveneſs, and ſolicit his aid to recover my rights; but the ſudden news of your marriage deſtroyed all my reſolutions. Ah! let me throw a veil over the ſad ſcene that enſued in my mind! Again I was reſtored to life and reaſon. And after rewarding the fidelity of a poor but honeſt fellow that attended my misfortunes from France, and has ſecured my little property

perty from plundering hands, I removed to this houſe, where the ſad hours has paſſed ſlowly away, and my ſorrows has known but one alleviation—that of ſometimes beholding you. My faithful domeſtic informed me that in the height of my delirium, habited in that diſguiſe in which you ſaw me at the maſquerade, I inſiſted on being conveyed to Meredith-place: that there, in a deep grove, I ſaw a lady, who, from his deſcription, muſt have been yourſelf; that you were exceſſively alarmed, and fearful of diſcovery. As I had ſo repeatedly informed him it was neceſſary I ſhould be concealed from all the world, he had by force conveyed me back to London.

At firſt I believed your union with Mr. Meredith productive of all that could be wiſhed; and in the proſpect of your happineſs, I found ſome conſolation for the loſs of my own. But ſubſequent events undeceived me in that

reſpect,

reſpect, and I failed not to participate in all your misfortunes; I beheld you drooping, like ſome tender and unſupported plant under repeated injuries, and my ſoul was united with your's in calamity. The loſs of our revered protector, and my little brothers; what a heavy addition to both our ſorrows! For the ſake of my deſtitute ſiſters I felt it a duty incumbent on me to make another effort to obtain juſtice. But what are the claims of duty when oppoſed to the tyranny of love? To behold you was the only ſolace of my wretched days; to be baniſhed your preſence was inſupportable.—Indolence is frequently the attendant of diſappointed wiſhes.—An unconquerable ſtupor poſſeſſed my mind—'my ſiſter,' ſaid I, 'is ſecured from the evils of adverſity under the protection of a worthy pair; and for me what remains but to watch unſeen around my fair unfortunate friend—my ill-fated Geor-

'gina,

'gina, and ſteal in ſilence to an undiſ-
'tinguiſhed grave?'—'Perhaps,' reflec-
tion added, 'I may be made the bleſſed
'inſtrument of ſhielding her from fur-
'ther ills:' and with this poſſible happineſs in view, all the allurements of fortune had in vain combined to force me from your ſide. But when you became involved in the ruin of your deluded huſband, what anguiſh ſeized my heart? Again loſt to the cool dictates of reaſon, regardleſs of every conſideration but to defend you from deſtruction, I flew to protect and guard you from impending dangers, to ſnatch you from the power of unfeeling avarice and cruel inſult. But, alas! I came too late! you were gone, and no friendly tongue would inform me whither! In compliance with the voice of public fame I haſtened to Lord Liſmoor, to whoſe impetuous wiſhes it was rumoured you had fallen a ſacrifice; of him, I fiercely demanded you; he diſ-

avowed any knowledge of your retreat, and lamented your fate, with no leſs apparently ſincere regret than that by which my mind was agitated: but diſregarding his ſolemn aſſurances, I avowed my name, fraternal tenderneſs, and early friendſhip for you; and demanded inſtant ſatisfaction for your injured honour. In vain he expoſtulated, repeatedly declared his innocence concerning you; his love, his reſpect, and ſorrow for your misfortunes: but attributing all his efforts to undeceive me to baſe diſſimulation, I bade him defend his life. There was then no retreat, I attacked him with the fury of a madman, he fired his piſtol in the air. Doubly exaſperated by this conduct, I inſiſted that it ſhould not ſhield him from my juſt revenge—that I fought in the cauſe of virtue, an injured huſband, and a wretched wife! That wronged, perhaps murdered, innocence unſheathed my ſword; and

ſuch

ſuch a cauſe was not to be decided in ſport. But heaven nerved his Lordſhip's arm, mine was diſabled by his firſt thruſt; the ſword dropped from my hand, and further evils were thus happily prevented.

The conduct of this amiable nobleman during my confinement removed every ſuſpicion from my mind, and fully evinced the truth of his aſſertions. He was ſcarcely ever abſent from my ſide, and vowed to unite with me in endeavouring to trace your retreat, ſoften your afflictions, and puniſh any that had dared to offer you wrong. But our moſt vigilant efforts were unſucceſsful: Lord Liſmoor offered immenſe rewards to any that could give us an account of you; and, when every expedient failed, he went to France to conſult with the Comte and Comteſs de Cervigne, and break to Edward and Matilda the news of my ſurprizing reſtoration to ſociety. I have received two letters from

from him, deſcriptive of the mingled emotions occaſioned by his tour: but the joy which Edward and Matilda at firſt experienced on my account, is totally abſorbed in commiſeration of your ſufferings; and they will accompany their generous protectors and Lord Liſmoor to England.

And now, having concluded my little narrative, I cannot ſuppreſs my impatience to be made acquainted with yours. Where has my amiable friend been thus long concealed? What cruel being has ſecreted you from thoſe ſo ſincerely intereſted in your happineſs? Purity and rectitude I am well aſſured is, and will ever be, the inmates of your ſoul; but your ſorrows, I fear, have ſuffered no diminution by the abſence ſo much deplored. Truſt all your afflictions with me, nor doubt but juſtice ſhall overtake all who have dared to wrong you.

I wept paſſionately in his boſom, repeatedly I bleſſed his generous goodneſs

neſs and that of Lord Liſmoor; but while my heart acknowledged the neceſſity of being ingenuous, fear reſtrained me; and, apprehenſive of involving my valued friends in new dangers, I forbore the relation which alone could efface unfavourable impreſſion left upon my fame. I was ſilent; and my amiable D'Albany, high as I ſtood in his eſtimation, began to entertain alarming doubts that I had yielded to the importunity of diſtreſs, and was no leſs loſt to virtue than happineſs. But the arrival of my amiable Comteſſe removing every myſtery, to her prudence I committed the fatal ſecret concerning Lord Wharton's baſeneſs; and promiſing to conceal it from D'Albany, Lord Liſmoor, and Edward, ſhe prevailed on the more diſpaſſionate Comte to obtain an interview with Lord Wharton, endeavour to recover the writings of my eſtate, and mediate matters in the beſt manner my unfortunate ſitua-

tion

tion would admit: this, he kindly undertook, and exerted his utmoſt endeavours to effect.

The joy and agitation of the lovely Matilda, on again beholding her long deplored brother, ſurpaſſes the power of language: nor was I leſs rapturouſly welcomed to the boſom of fraternal affection and ſincere friendſhip: it was a ſcene for the heart, but cannot be truly pourtrayed by the moſt ſkilful delineator. We waited with impatience for the Comte's return from Wharton-houſe, where its unprincipled maſter had retired immediately after my eſcape from his power; but that wiſhed for event, only produced an additional cauſe of regret. Lord Wharton overwhelmed by his crimes the diſtreſſes ariſing from embarraſſed circumſtances, and other evils by which they were attended; and, apprehenſive of detection and puniſhment for his conduct toward me, had put an end to his miſerable exiſtence,

iſtence, by the dreadful and irreparable crime of ſuicide! and all hope of my property was loſt in an undiſtinguiſhable maſs of ruin. He had diſpoſed of it immediately on my delivering him the writings, to enable him to purſue his illicit and deſtructive pleaſures; and no doubt deſigned that I ſhould be devoted to the ſame end; but a ſuperior and ever merciful Being preſerved me from his power; and while I lamented his unhappy fate, I relinquiſhed all hope of regaining my property.

Among thoſe that evinced themſelves intereſted in my fate, none were more ſincerely ſo than the Duke and Dutcheſs of *****; they haſtened to offer me every conſolation and generous aſſiſtance in their power, and beſought me to accept their preſent protection. Fraternal ſympathy and affection ſummoned our amiable Comteſſe to Wharton-houſe; decency obliged the Comte to attend her, and Matilda

and myſelf accompanied by D'Albany, availed ourſelves of the friendly importunity of this exalted pair, until their return. But that was an event long delayed by the pitiable ſituation of Lady Wharton: in whom deep affliction, or rather wounded pride, occaſioned an eſtrangement of reaſon, and the tender attentions of the amiable Clara were indefatigable. But the reſtoration of Lady Wharton at length left her at liberty to obey the impulſes of friendſhip, and ſhe haſtened back to us. The Comte was then informed of the ſituation of our worthy D'Albany, and confirmed the account which the young Frenchman had before given him; that it was only neceſſary to prove his lawful claim, to be inſtantly put in poſſeſſion of the lands and titles of the Marquis D'Aremberg his grandfather; but that powerful friends were neceſſary to eſtabliſh that claim, and that taſk he gladly undertook. I ſeemed to receive

a new

a new exiſtence from this happy event; and accompanied by the grateful yet languid D'Albany, the Comte bade us adieu, and haſtened to France to put his generous deſign in immediate practice. Clara remained with us a few days, when a return of Lady Wharton's melancholy illneſs again ſummoned her to Wharton-houſe. The malady that had before oppreſſed me was not diminiſhed by the late viciſſitudes I had experienced; my diſſolution ſeemed approaching faſt: and the phyſicians adviſing a change of air, my kind protectors propoſed an excurſion to C——, their country reſidence, to which the ſatisfaction of being near our beloved Clara proved an additional inducement; and whither Lord Liſmoor who ſeemed oppreſſed by ſecret melancholy, accompanied us. But a dreadful augmentation of my misfortunes awaited my arrival there: my wretched huſband was diſcovered in a ſtate of inſanity in a neighbouring

neighbouring ſea-port town, where he had haſtened after his late loſs, to obtain a paſſage to ſome diſtant clime; but the ſtate of his mind being too glaring to eſcape obſervation, he had been committed to the care of public-charity; and every effort, to trace his name or quality, had proved ineffectual, until at length he had been diſcovered by a woman, who, going to a viſit a patient in the ſame place, recollected Mr. Meredith's perſon, from having ſeen him at Wharton-houſe; and inſtantly haſtened there to impart this melancholy intelligence. Deeply affected by this ſad relation, I would gladly have flown to ſooth if poſſible the wretchedneſs of my loſt, lamented Meredith; but this my more conſiderate friends would not permit: they knew the ardour of my nature, and were well convinced I was not to be left to my own guidance in a caſe like that. Lord Liſmoor, therefore, kindly undertook the mournful office

office; by his care Mr. Meredith was releaſed from his dreary receſs, and conveyed to C——; but this event was cautiouſly concealed from the Comteſſe, whoſe health and ſpirits drooped under inceſſant fatigue and anxiety, by her unremitting attention to the wretched Lady Wharton. Raging with all the fury of diſtracted reaſon, her ſtill more wretched brother arrived at C——; ah! what a ſcene has that engraven on my memory? The humanity of the Duke and Ducheſs and Lord Liſmoor, on that heart-rending occaſion, can never be forgotten; every poſſible aid was procured for my poor undone huſband; but all was ineffectual.—Another calamity now attacked us in the ſudden illneſs of our lovely Comteſſe, who, exhauſted by fatigue and anxiety, had caught the fever of Lady Wharton, and their lives were both deſpaired of. At this diſtreſsful criſis my principal attention was confined to Mr. Meredith,

while my own illneſs increaſed rapidly; and the care of the reſt of our party was divided between us and the ſufferers at Wharton-houſe. Mr. Meredith, as a laſt reſource, was ordered by the faculty to bathe in the ſea; and, although ſtrongly diſſuaded from it by my kind friends, I inſiſted on accompanying him to a watering-place fixed upon for that purpoſe. But his diſeaſe baffled the power of human ſkill; and, being pronounced incurable, he was forced from me, and conveyed to a proper place of confinement for ſuch unhappy ſufferers. Lord Liſmoor, Edward, and Matilda, were ſtill the gentle ſoothers of my exquiſite diſtreſs: long I languiſhed on the verge of eternity, but prayed in vain for a releaſe; friendſhip warded off the impending blow; and, after a long confinement, I began gradually to gain new ſtrength.

The diſorder of Lady Wharton proved mortal; but her charming ſiſter was reſerved

reſerved for, I truſt, a long ſeries of felicity; ſhe joined our melancholy party; but the heavy atmoſphere of Britain was adjudged too oppreſſive for her languid frame, and the ſalutary air of milder France was deemed highly neceſſary to her reſtoration. Ardently ſhe beſought me to accompany her return; but, alas! I had many powerful reaſons for refuſing; duty warned me to avoid new dangers, and reminded me what was due to my peace and fame, and my unfortunate huſband: friendſhip is in ſome caſes a deluded draught; and, like the cup of Circe, deprives thoſe who taſte its poiſoned ſweets of reaſon and happineſs.

The buſy ſcenes of life were now become indifferent to me; and I reſolved to devote the remainder of my days to ſolitude. In conſequence of this determination I remembered this ſequeſtered ſpot, which had long before attracted my attention, and fixed upon

it for my future reſidence; in which I was aſſiſted by my generous friends, who would gladly have contributed toward my future ſupport much more liberally than juſtice or propriety would allow me to accept. Here then, accompanied by the beſt of brothers, I haſtened to devote my life to peaceful ſolitude and calm contentment; at leaſt as much as my unfortunate ſituation will permit me to enjoy. The lovely Clara, attended by Lord Liſmoor and Matilda (who, but for my abſolute refuſal, would gladly have attached herſelf to my fate, and devoted her happineſs and life to alleviate my woes) bade us a reluctant adieu; hoping that we ſhould ere long meet again in happineſs. In heaven, I truſt we ſhall: but here the deluſive phantom has mocked my eager purſuit; and all I now aſk is calm ſerenity, the aſſurance of my valued friends being exempt from the ſorrows which have agonized

nized my heart, and perfect reſignation to whatever the Allwiſe may henceforth aſſign me.

The noble and benevolent poſſeſſors of C—— would gladly have detained me a partaker of their happineſs; nor would permit me to quit them without the utmoſt reluctance. But why ſhould I oppreſs their generous goodneſs, by an unavailing participation of my misfortunes; or uſurp a rank in ſociety to which I am no longer entitled? Humility beſt ſuits my adverſe fortune and broken ſpirit; and this ſerene retreat is all my utmoſt ambition now aſpires to.

Immediately on my arrival here, I experienced a ſevere return of my former illneſs; but the tenderneſs of my amiable brother moſt powerfully contributed to my recovery. My friend, the Comteſſe, is, I find, reſtored to health: the excellent Lionel, no longer D'Albany, but the Marquis D'Arem-

berg, reſtored to his hereditary wealth and dignities, is daily expected in England with Matilda, whoſe fortune is now very conſiderable. This is an event that occaſions a variety of mingled emotions in my heart: devoted as I am to the fate of Mr. Meredith, I would avoid even the well-meant intruſions of too officious friendſhip. Lord Liſmoor is, I find, no longer the joy and enlivener of every party: a deep dejection undermines his health, and bows down his youth almoſt to the grave; but in this I truſt I am no further intereſted than as gratitude and philanthropy impels us to ſympathize in the fate of an amiable fellow-being, to whom we are highly indebted.

Thus having acquitted myſelf of my voluntary promiſe to you, at the expenſe of many a heart-felt pang, I ſhall, if poſſible, bid an eternal adieu to every retroſpect that can recall to my memory paſt woes; and, with the firmeſt

eſt reliance upon your ſtrength of underſtanding and rectitude of heart, I truſt my exertions will be productive of one happy conſequence, and that you will ſelect ſome amiable, and more diſtinguiſhed lady to bleſs your future days, and meet you wi h an equal return of affection; nor waſte another thought on one whom the voice of duty excludes from the paths of love; a being, were ſhe diſengaged from every other tie, ſo utterly incapable of participating in thoſe pleaſures to which your youth and rank entitle you; ſo loſt to every ſenſe of joy, and peculiarly marked by calamity, as

The unfortunate

GEORGINA.

LETTER XXXVII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO GEORGINA.

Groſvenor-Square.

THE generous condeſcenſion of my lovely friend demands my warmeſt acknowledgments, and has made an impreſſion on my mind which I feel it impoſſible to expreſs.

During the courſe of your affecting narration I have been principally engroſſed by my attention to our fair invalid, the amiable Eliza: and aſſured that your goodneſs would not refuſe her the privilege of participating with me in your misfortunes, I have beguiled the tedious hours of her confinement, by the peruſal of your pathetic letters; and ſhe has mingled her emotions with mine,

mine, in compaſſion for your fate, and admiration of your exalted virtues. But a ray of hope illumes the concluſion of your ſad narrative, of which, although you refuſe it admittance, we experience the efficacy; and it in ſome degree ſoftens the mournful impreſſion left upon our minds, and inſtructs us to look forward to a long ſeries of happineſs in ſtore for you. Conſoled by this cheering aſſurance, I conſign the diſappointment of my too aſpiring wiſhes to eternal ſilence: the ſentiments with which you have inſpired me, I have ever believed more nearly allied to the pure and ſerene delights of generous friendſhip, than the glowing ardours of enthuſiaſtic love; and as ſuch the moſt rigid will not ſurely deny me the indulgence of a paſſion, ſo conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt laws of virtue and honour; and ſo diveſted of every other wiſh, but to enjoy the bleſſing of your inva-

luable eſteem, and the pleaſures reſulting from your charming converſe.

No more will your gentle and compaſſionate nature be diſtreſſed by the offer of my unworthy hand and heart; they are now otherwiſe diſpoſed of. Perhaps I ought to be ſilent on a ſubject ſo highly flattering; but, why ſhould I not exult in the preference of a worthy and charming woman? The lovely Eliza ſelects me from all the reſt of mankind; this is the ſecret that prayed upon her health, and which chance has at laſt revealed. Her heart has long been mine; her life and happineſs depend on me; need I add the concluſion? Is it neceſſary to aſſure you who is no ſtranger to my ſoul, that the remainder of my days ſhall be employed in promoting the felicity of hers? My friend, her brother, is by this event again reſtored to happineſs: he is an admirer of your fair Comteſſe, admires the beauties of her perſon, which pleaſingly

ſingly reflects the ſtill more alluring graces of an exalted mind; and only aſpires to the honour of her acquaintance, and the happineſs which muſt flow from the friendſhip and eſteem of one ſo amiable. In this wiſh I ſincerely join him; and the ardent and affectionate ſoul of Eliza is already attached to you both. Your amiable Marquis, and his lovely ſiſter likewiſe, claim a conſiderable portion of our regard, as does the Comte, and your other eſtimable friends, to whom we are already perſonally known, but are ambitious of being more intimately ſo; and hope by your means ſoon to effect that wiſh.

We ſhall haſten to Caern-Wood as ſoon as Eliza is ſufficiently recovered; which, from the preſent promiſing ſtate of her health, will not, I truſt, occaſion a long delay.

Adieu; our united prayers for the happineſs of yourſelf and amiable bro-

ther, await you; and you will ever poſſeſs the ſincere regard of

Your obliged, and

Warmly intereſted friend,

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO GEORGINA.

THIS day unites my fate with that of Eliza; and I ſnatch the preſent moment to apprize you of our departure for Caern-Wood, while my lovely partner is preparing for our journey.

Blooming health and vivid cheerfulneſs again adorn her native charms: love, virtue, and ſentiment, render her

her ſtill more attractive; and all I aſk of heaven, is a continuance of my preſent happineſs. In my gentle, good Eliza, I truſt that you, my amiable friend, will experience every happineſs that can reſult from the delightful interchanges of congenial ſpirits; in her you will aſſuredly find a pleaſing companion, a kind and ſympathizing friend, and a faithful counſellor, if ever you ſhould need it. In my opinion of Eliza, no romantic deluſions miſguide my pen; I am a reaſonable huſband, not an enthuſiaſtic lover. You will, I doubt not, acknowledge her far exceeding my deſcription; her perſon is lovely, her mind ſtill more ſo; and her manners formed to engage the feeling heart. An unfortunate lawſuit prevents her brother from accompanying us to Caern-Wood, and deprives us of a material part of our happineſs; but I truſt it will not be of long continuance: he begs you will accept his beſt

beſt wiſhes, and moſt cordial aſſurances of friendſhip, in addition to thoſe of Eliza and

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XXXIX.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

Cairn-Wood.

OUR time has been ſo much engroſſed ſince our arrival here, that neither Eliza nor myſelf have had one moment to devote to you until the preſent. We found our lovely cottagers involved in new afflictions; a beauteous form habited in a ſable, received us at the door of their habitation, where

we

we ſtopped in our way to Caern-Wood: the deſcription of the Comteſſe de Cervigne ſtole upon my mind: it proved to be that angelic creature; and the occaſion of her viſit here, was the death of her unfortunate brother. Matilda D'Albany was the companion of her journey; and our amiable Georgina had been confined to her chamber ever ſince their arrival by a ſevere indiſpoſition; in conſequence of the ſevere ſhock her ſpirits had received. Lord Liſmoor, in a very declining ſtate of health, had accompanied them from France, and was then lodged in the neighbouring town; from whence he made frequent excurſions to inquire after their lovely and unfortunate invalid. Eliza, and myſelf, on announcing our names, were inſtantly conducted to the apartment of our charming ſufferer, who was reclined on a couch, pale and emaciated, encircled in the arms of her amiable brother. Our meeting was truly

truly expreſſive of the cordial regard by which our hearts were animated: Eliza apparently engaged no inconſiderable ſhare of attention from the whole of the company; and when our firſt emotions had ſubſided, I again directed my eyes toward the two fair ſtrangers, whoſe characters, and firſt appearance, had ſo greatly intereſted me. The Comteſſe de Cervigne is certainly, as her friend has deſcribed in her narrative, beautiful in the extreme; but in my opinion not ſuperior to the enchanting Matilda, who, although leſs ſtriking at the firſt glance, is rather more faſcinating on a further acquaintance. They are both fair, elegant, and ſtrictly handſome; the charms of the former poſſeſs moſt commanding dignity, while thoſe of the latter all melting ſoftneſs, and irreſiſtible attraction, ſpeak more feelingly to the heart.

Mr. Meredith had, I find, a ſhort interval of reaſon a few hours before his death,

death, which he employed in penning a moſt affecting letter to his lovely injured wife; ſtrongly expreſſive of poignant ſorrow, for the ſtate to which he had reduced her; ſoliciting her pardon to bleſs his lateſt moments, and concluding with deep contrition for his paſt errors. She haſtened with the meſſenger of this letter to pay him her laſt duty; they exchanged aſſurances of mutual cordiality and affection, and he expired in peace within her faithful arms. Intelligence of this event was ſoon conveyed to France, and his amiable ſiſter, with Matilda and Lord Liſmoor, haſtened their return to England, to offer every conſolation in their power to their charming friend; whoſe grief on that melancholy occaſion (although in the eye of reaſon it could ſcarcely be regretted) was very extreme. The affairs of the Marquis D'Aremberg being in great confuſion, on his being reſtored to his poſſeſſions, required much time

and

and attention to arrange them properly; and was the means of detaining him, and the Comte (who warmly intereſted himſelf in whatever his eſtimable friend was concerned) longer in France. Nor is this an event at all to be regretted at this time, as the preſence of the Marquis could not be deſirable here at this juncture he is too material a perſon in our hiſtory to be an object of indifference with its heroine; and nothing but tranquillity can reſtore her mind to its native ſtate. But, aided by a juſt ſenſe of what ſhe owes to her friends and ſociety in general, the vigour of youth and a good conſtitution, will, I truſt in a ſhort time effect, what all here except myſelf deem impoſſible; and reinſtate our beauteous invalid in her former health and ſpirits. This end accompliſhed, there is little doubt of happineſs ſucceeding as perfect as can well be imagined in a ſtate of imperfection like this: her faithful

long-

long-adored, and long-adoring lover waits with all the ardour of impatient wiſhes, to avow his generous and unconquerable paſſion, and claim her for his own: nor will ſhe, I hope from any miſtaken ſcruples reject the bliſsful lot that now awaits to crown her virtues, and efface the ſenſe of paſt misfortunes.

We are ſcarcely ever abſent from the cottage; Eliza already rivals me in the eſtimation of its inhabitants, and I begin to be jealous of her ſuperior merits, leſt they ſhould entirely eclipſe me, where I am ſo peculiarly ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed; but I find an abundant conſolation in reflecting, that Eliza and myſelf are one; nor can either enjoy a bleſſing without both becoming partakers of it.

Greatly conſoled by the exertions of ſalutary friendſhip, Georgina is now enabled to quit her chamber, and begins to recover ſlowly. Accompanied by Edward or myſelf, and often by the

Comteſſe,

Comteſſe, Matilda, or Eliza, ſhe ventures every morning, when the weather will permit, on little excurſions on horſeback. And gentle exerciſe, the wholeſome air of the neighbouring downs, and the converſe of friendly, ſocial, and according ſpirits, will, I am aſſured, prove more conducive toward the reſtoration of her health, than all the power of medicine. As ſoon as Georgina was pronounced out of danger, Lord Liſmoor bade us adieu: that young nobleman appears to me in a peculiarly amiable light; and I cannot well deſcribe how extremely I feel myſelf intereſted in his fate: his perſon is infinitely pleaſing, his mind noble and enlightened; his manners full of dignity and elegance: but the vigour of youth is deſtroyed by the conſuming fires of a ſlow diſeaſe, which, if I judge aright, has its ſource in ſome mental cauſe. His mind is ardent, his affections ſtrong, and the pangs of diſappointed wiſhes uſually

make a deep and fatal impreſſion on characters of this deſcription: his illneſs is often lamented, and his abſence regretted by our preſent party. I feel a ſad preſentiment that theſe are not the laſt ſighs he will occaſion here; but let me not anticipate the evils of futurity; in the preſent inſtance, I ſincerely wiſh that my apprehenſions may never be realized.

The Comteſſe has received letters from France ſince our being here, the Comte and Marquis are both well; the latter likewiſe wrote to his ſiſter and Edward, but I do not find that they are ſoon expected in England. The ſouls of Edward and Matilda are, I ſee, no leſs ardently attached to each other than thoſe of their brother and ſiſter; but that ſort of pride which we term delicacy has ſealed the lips of love. Conſcious of a defficiency of fortune, Edward ſecretly laments his lot, and withdraws from the artleſs emanations of unchangeable

unchangeable tenderneſs which every moment eſcape the affectionate and generous Matilda; who, unſuſpicious of the real cauſe of this obvious alteration in the conduct of him on whom her happineſs ſo entirely depends, is deeply affected by it, mourns in ſilence, and attributes to a diminution of regard what chiefly originates from its exceſs. Thus the late acquiſitions of Matilda are by no means productive of an increaſe of happineſs: but theſe little impediments, the effects of their ſurrounding friends will I doubt not ſoon contribute to remove, and the youthful pair will be as bleſt as their uncommon merits deſerve.

I had nearly omitted to inform you that the Duke and Ducheſs of ***** has ſpent one day at the cottage ſince our being here, and uſed their utmoſt perſuaſions to prevail on Georgina and her gueſts to accompany them to C—, but that lovely mourner was inflexible

to all their arguments; and ſhe was certainly to be applauded for deciding in favour of her own ſolitude; for the gaiety that ever preſides at C——, and the crowds of viſitors that uſually reſort there, is but ill adapted to her preſent ſtate of mind and health.

And now having given you a faithful account of the proceedings here, I ſhall conclude with the object deareſt to my heart, my lovely and beloved Eliza, whoſe health and ſpirits are conſiderably improved ſince we left you. Additional bloom adorns her beauteous cheek, new vivacity ſparkles in her charming eyes; and, in contemplating her happineſs, I experience the moſt ſenſible increaſe of my own. Let none henceforth preſume to aſſert that truth, tenderneſs, gratitude, and friendſhip, are inſufficient to enſure happineſs between the ſexes; we ſhall, I truſt, ever be a convincing proof of the fallacy of all ſuch arguments. With virtuous minds,

minds, a rational eſteem is the beſt foundation of a laſting attachment. Ardour had no claim in my union with Eliza; a placid tenderneſs, and a ſincere eſteem was all that my heart experienced: but more animated ſentiments now ariſe, as I every moment diſcover in her ſome new perfection, ſome before undiſtinguiſhed grace; and our preſent felicity, will, I hope, end but with our lives. We all expect you here impatiently; but none more ſincerely ſo than

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER LX.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

A VERY melancholy event has thus long ſuſpended my pen, and occaſioned much regret here. Lord Liſmoor arrived at the cottage a few days after I wrote you laſt, and informed us that his phyſicians had adviſed him to a ſea voyage, as the only probable means of reſtoring his health; and he was come to bid us a long, perhaps a laſt adieu. Every heart preſent ſeemed powerfully to feel the force of his emphatic words; and his fair friends dropped many a ſympathetic tear for his apparently inevitable fate. Their emotions ſerved only to increaſe his own: death was

pictured on his countenance; and, unable to ſuppreſs the conflicts of his mind, fearful of adding to our diſtreſs by the participation of them, he ordered his carriage, and was about to leave us; but, convinced from his extreme weak ſtate that he could never live to accompliſh his purpoſed undertaking, I earneſtly beſought him to continue a ſhort time with us at Caern-Wood, where I hoped he might ſoon gain a ſufficient portion of ſtrength for the execution of his deſign; but which, in the extreme low ſituation he then was, I could not but deem a dangerous expedient, and highly improper. Eliza joined my entreaties; he fixed his ardent eyes on thoſe of Georgina, as if to inquire his fate; ſhe acquieſced in our opinion, and, determined by her voice, his Lordſhip yielded to our importunities. For the few firſt days of his being at Caern-Wood, a more cheerful flow of ſpirits, inſpired us with

hopes

hopes that he was beginning to amend; but this pleaſing deluſion was but ſhort lived, a dejection ſtill ſteeper than had before oppreſſed him ſucceeded this ſhort reſpite; his illneſs rapidly increaſed, and death made its awful approach. During his laſt confinement the inhabitants of the cottage ſhared with us the anxiety and grief which it occaſioned: Georgina in particular devoted all her time and attention in endeavouring to ſooth his ſuffering, and, with Eliza, wept for his untimely fate, and witneſſed his laſt ſtruggles with the moſt poignant concern. To whiſper peace to the boſom of affliction, and heal the wounded mind, is a taſk for which nature has peculiarly deſigned this lovely woman; Lord Liſmoor experienced the efficacy of this bleſſed faculty; but alas! it was not ſufficiently powerful to arreſt the uplifted arm of the Univerſal Conqueror.

Seeing his death inevitable, his Lordſhip, having juſt diſpatched a letter to his favourite ſiſter, expreſſed his lively gratitude for the attention we had ſhewn him; and addreſſing Georgina, who ſat beſide him bathed in tears of friendſhip and compaſſion, 'Adieu, fair excel-'lence,' he cried, paſſionately joining her trembling hand with his pallid lips; 'a long adieu! This generous 'pity overpays all my ſufferings. Faith-'fully have I adored you; and ſince I 'firſt diſcovered the perfections of your 'angelic mind, the reſt of your ſex have 'been, and had my life been ſpared, 'would ever be alike indifferent. I fall 'in the pride of life, the victim of a ty-'rannic paſſion; and ſince I cannot live 'with you, refuſe to live at all. My 'extreme youth may have led you to 'ſuppoſe that time would reſtore me to 'reaſon and happineſs; but know that 'ſouls like mine love but once, and 'that is for ever. Wiſh not then that

'I may

'I may longer exiſt beneath this load
'of wretchedneſs; hopeleſs of ever
'obtaining your heart, life is to me
'replete with miſery; death brings a
'welcome releaſe. Maddened by con-
'tending paſſions, I once dared, moſt
'impiouſly dared to affront you, by
'an avowal of forbidden love: pro-
'fanely wronged your angelic purity,
'and cruelly inſulted your misfortunes,
'by the language of diſhonour; for
'this I now moſt ardently ſolicit your
'forgiveneſs, to conceal the fault ſin-
'cerely repented.' Georgina with emo-
tion, tenderly aſſured him that with
her it had been long ſince conſigned to
oblivion, by gratitude for his late ſer-
vices. Repeatedly he bleſſed her good-
neſs, adding, 'My heart was too ſin-
'cerely devoted to offer an injury to
'you, without irreparably wounding
'my own peace; and if you have be-
'fore forgiven me, I have never par-
'doned myſelf. Would to heaven I

'could offer any reparation worthy of 'you! But now it is all over! life fleets 'from me; its active principle waſtes 'faſt away. Agonies ſeize my heart. 'Alas! I no longer behold you! But 'you have pronounced my forgiveneſs. 'Farewell, deſpiſe not my memory; I 'die to approve my contrition and my 'love.' He breathed out his ſpirit with theſe words: but no deſcription can do juſtice to the emotions of Georgina; nor thoſe which agitate my mind on this ſad recital. I immediately tranſmitted to his Lordſhip's relations an account of his death; and his body was conveyed to the family ſeat of his anceſtors for interment; while every heart here ſincerely mourns his fate. A few hours ſince the Comteſſe de Cervigne received a letter from Lady Horton, the ſiſter to whom he was moſt partial, informed her that Lord Liſmoor had bequeathed the property that had been Meredith's, with one half of the fortune

tune at his own diſpoſal, to be equally divided between Georgina and Edward; to the latter I knew it would be a valuable acquiſition; and aſſiſt to efface his late dejection by encouraging him with new ſpirit, again to aſpire to the poſſeſſion of his loved Matilda. But this circumſtance has moſt deeply affected Georgina, and proves an alloy, inſtead of being, as it was deſigned, an augmentation to her happineſs: and we all ſeem to unite with her in feeling a ſenſible regret on this occaſion, as it will continually remind her of what it is her intereſt to forget; its being of a nature that muſt ever wound a heart ſo full of ſenſibility. Nor can an increaſe of fortune now add to her happineſs, or render her more valuable to the Marquis D'Aremberg; with whom every friendly heart muſt join in the wiſh of ſeeing her united; and whoſe ardent and generous love will be rather wounded than gratified by this event. Adieu,

no longer deprive us of the bleſſing of your ſociety, but haſten to Caern-Wood, as you value the regard of

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XLI.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

SINCE you have deſerted us, my dear friend and brother, our time and attention have been entirely devoted to pleaſing occurrences*: Eliza has bleſt me with a little daughter, beauteous as herſelf; and the long expected, long wiſhed for Comte and Marquis are arrived. Felicity now revels at the cottage, and ſmiling hopes poſſeſs the minds of its inhabitants. Georgina,

* Several months are here ſuppoſed to have elapſed, ſince Sir George Hamilton's receipt of the laſt letter; during which time he is ſuppoſed to have paid a viſit at Caern-Wood.

who

who is reſtored to perfect health, after objecting ſome of thoſe delicate ſcruples which I had foreſeen, alluding to the recent date of her widowhood, the reſpect due to the memory of her late unfortunate huſband, and the opinions the world, is at length overruled by our united arguments; and has conſented to reward the fidelity and uncommon merits of her amiable lover, nor longer delay the completion of his happineſs. The charming Matilda ſweetly bluſhes an expreſſive aſcent, to remember the fond attachment of her impatient Edward: nothing retards their nuptials but the ſlow recovery of Eliza, which will I hope, ſoon ceaſe to exiſt. When we are engaged to accompany this happy party to Meredith-place, now the property of Georgina, and the ſpot where their faithful love received its firſt exiſtence.

Happineſs and feſtive gaiety now ſurround us, and we want only your

ſociety

ſociety to render it complete. The lovely Comteſſe and myſelf often amuſe ourſelves with recollecting your lively ſallies, your imaginary paſſion for her, and your adventure with the antiquated maſquerade Circe, who ſo preſumptuouſly aſſumed her name to cheat you into fondneſs: but conſole yourſelf, my dear friend, with this aſſurance, you are not the firſt man whom vanity has miſled and expoſed to ridicule and mortification. You will, I hope, profit by this concluſion; and, although your wiſhes muſt not aſpire to the Comteſſe de Cervigne, your merits will, I doubt not, be rewarded by ſome as lovely fair-one; who will enſure you happineſs, and efface the impreſſion which the amiable Comteſſe has left upon your mind.

The friendſhip and eſteem of all here await you, and Eliza adds her warm aſſurances of unalterable affection to thoſe of

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XLII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

THE happineſs of our eſtimable friends is now beyond the power of fate to recall; they are at length united in the chaſte bonds of Hymen, and we have been nearly a week at Meredith-place; where the good old houſekeeper, whom Lord Liſmoor retained in her ſituation, welcomed us with tears of heart-felt tranſport and ſincere fidelity.

To deſcribe minutely the hymeneal ornaments, the bluſhes of the lovely brides, or the happineſs of their enraptured partners, is a taſk ill-adapted to a maſculine narrator; at leaſt it is ſuch as I acknowledge myſelf by no means qualified to undertake; and if you are impatient for theſe particulars, I refer you to your favourite Comteſſe,

who

who is more equal to a delineation ſo truly arduous. All that I can attempt on the occaſion is to aſſure you, that they looked all that love, beauty, grace, dignity, virtue, and happineſs, can poſſibly impart in the higheſt perfection; and I felt too much on the joyful event to be capable of giving you any juſt idea of it.

The Duke and Ducheſs of ***** were preſent at the ceremony, accompanied us here, and are ſtill of our party; they do ample juſtice to Georgina's deſcription of them, and eminently adorn their exalted ſtations. Her Grace's amiable mother is every hour expected, and when we have fully enjoyed the beauties of this delightful ſpot, we are to make an excurſion to C——, and purpoſe ſpending the enſuing winter together in London.

Our now completely happy Georgina, to whom for the firſt time my pen ſhall give her proper title of the Marchioneſs D'Aremberg,

D'Aremberg, already begins to exerciſe the benevolent impulſes of her incomparable heart: and having ſought out the relations of her mother, who are worthy people, but in very reduced circumſtances, ſhe has made ſo liberal an addition to their humble fortunes, as does both her and the Marquis, with whom this laudable deſign firſt originated, infinite honour. Edward and Matilda likewiſe entreated permiſſion to add ſomething to the purpoſed bounty, and have very largely contributed toward promoting the happineſs of theſe deſerving relatives, who once lived in affluence; and who having long experienced the frowns of adverſity are doubly ſenſible of the preſent bleſſing, in being thus beyond all expectation or appearance of probability reſtored to their former rank in ſociety.

An annuity is ſettled upon their worthy houſekeeper, Mrs. Jones, the ancient domeſtic, in aſſiſting whom I firſt beheld

beheld the inimitable miſtreſs of this happy manſion, and who was once a faithful attendant upon her parents fortunes, is likewiſe rendered no leſs independent; and nothing but contented hearts and cheerful countenances are viſible around us. Adieu, I have many reflections to add, naturally ariſing from the ſcene around me, ere I conclude this letter; but am ſummoned to attend the ladies on an airing party, and muſt therefore reſign my pen.

IN CONTINUATION.

Heaven now determines to reward abundantly the paſt misfortunes of our excellent friends. During our excurſion a letter has arrived here from the Earl of Sancere, the brother of that amiable lady, whoſe adventures Georgina ſo-feelingly deſcribes in her letters; the mother of the Marquis, requeſting to be known to his deſerving relatives, with whoſe late viciſſitudes the voice of fame has

has made him acquainted. The ſame poſt has likewiſe brought accounts of the death of the Viſcount Dellamont, the inflexible parent of Georgina's father, who dying without any other male heir, his vaſt eſtates and titles devolve to Edward; whoſe fortune by this event becomes ſuperior to that of the Marquis. Our preſence in London will, I imagine, be retarded by this event, as it is deſigned to make an excurſion to the noble ſeat of the Dellamont family, when we have paid our purpoſed viſit to C———; which will moſt probably detain us until the winter is far advanced; for the amiable Duke and Ducheſs of * * * * * will not wave their claim to any conſideration but that of real neceſſity.

The felicity that now prevails here ſeems hardly to admit of any augmentation. Here the Virtues conſtantly preſide, the Loves and Graces unite to bleſs the ſcene; wit, ſentiment, and

ſportive innocence waft the cheerful moments ſwiftly by; and the example of theſe noble pairs whiſpers this irreſiſtible conviction to our hearts, that a firſt love is the reſult of pure eſteem in virtuous and exalted minds; and perſevering goodneſs though ſometimes permitted for wiſe-ends to deviate from the ſtrict path of rectitude, as in the caſe of Georgina's firſt marriage, and puniſhed for that deviation as ſhe ſeverely was for her fatal inſincerity, will not for a well-meant error be deſerted by that Being, in whom alone it confides; but will be guided through every difficulty, and taught from experience to acknowledge the bleſſings of his inexhauſtible bounty, who ſupports and defends the human ſoul amid every vciſſitude.

C. WERSTEIN.

THE END.

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MUSEUM

ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page	Line	
2	3	*for* attention *read* attentions.
9	17	*for* that *read* the.
14	8	*for* rubs *read* rules.
15	20	*for* excelled *read* excells.
31	5	*omit* in---and in line 19 and 20 *read* larger *inſtead of* longer.
106	9	*for* denouncement *read* denouement.
129	23	*for* bound *read* bowed.
134	9	*for* ſiſters *read* ſiſter.
139	7	*for* impreſſion *read* impreſſions.
147	15	*for* deluded *read* deluding.
154	18	*for* is *read* are.
158	10	*for* a ſable *read* ſable.
165	9	*for* apprehenſions *read* predictions.
166	13	*for* effects *read* efforts.
171	3	*for* ſteeper *read* deeper.
177	13	*for* aſcent *read* aſſent.